THE

SYSTEMATIC, OR IMAGINARY,

PHILOSOPHER:

A COMEDY.

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THE

SYSTEMATIC, OR IMAGINARY,

PHILOSOPHER:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

" Les plus prudens ſe laiſſent captiver,
" Et le vrai ſage eſt encore à trouver.
" Craignez ſourtout le titre ridicule
" De philoſophe."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JORDAN HOOKHAM,

BOOKSELLER, &c. TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE OF WALES, DUKES OF KENT AND GLOUCESTER, AT HIS CIRCULATING LIBRARY, NO. 100, NEW BOND STREET.

1800.

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A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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PREFACE.

LAST year, the author was induced, by a profuſion of foreign dramas, and the indignation ſeveral ſenſible and judicious perſons expreſſed, on that ſubject, to ſuppoſe it might be a favourable moment to offer ſomething which ſhould, at leaſt, be more original, than plays altered from the German, though inferior to the united powers of a Kotzebue, and a Sheridan. — Thus influenced, THE SYSTEMATIC PHILOSOPHER was finiſhed, the author's firſt, and only, attempt, at dramatic compoſition; and, whether he ſhall ever again intrude himſelf on the public, (he, *now*, does ſo, not without much heſitation,) the approbation and temper of the public, and various circumſtances, muſt determine. *Should* the preſent comedy ever go into a Committee, in the Green Room, many alterations might be ſuggeſted, and adopted; evidently, ſome curtailment would be requiſite, and, perhaps, it would be neceſſary to have it re-committed,

committed, and amended, or even repealed, within the ſeſſion.

Without ridiculouſly affecting peculiarity, the liberty of mingling verſe with proſe has been claimed; yet, this deviation from the modern mode may, probably, meet, and, poſſibly, merit, ſome cenſure, which, at preſent, ſeems far beyond the ſurface of a common underſtanding.

That the plot (if plot it is) was not intended to be very deep, or intricate, will, eaſily, be diſcovered; and, in regard to the unities, once ſo much inſiſted on, that the author has not been, entirely, regulated by a rigid adherence to the law, will be no leſs obvious. He has availed himſelf of the latitude which ſeems, now, to be almoſt univerſally admitted, not only of prolonging the time, but of varying the place of action, and of repreſenting, in ſucceſſion, fictitious events, which, in the common courſe of experience, are, univerſally, known to create, in reality, much delay, and which, previous to their execution, demand conſultations and reconſultations, with ſelf, and others. Thus, to make a man hoſtile to matrimony, in, one act; enamoured, in the next; and, a Benedick, in the third, if examined by the teſt of truth (however mutable,) may be eaſily ridiculed—but, a trip to the altar,

at

at the theatre, will ſcarcely allow time to ſend from Drury Lane to Doctors' Commons, to obtain a licence. An audience, muſt bid adieu to the Buſkin, and the Sock, or numberleſs common-place deceptions, with voluntary blindneſs, muſt be ſubmitted to; ſuch as ſpeaking, aſide, what—every body may hear; and other ſtage tricks, without which, authors and actors would be eternally embarraſſed, though the public would not be more completely gratified, than by the preſent prevailing deluſions; and, fortunate might it be, if the ſide ſpeeches, and various artifices, practiſed to ſupport the deceptions on that grand, and all-intereſting theatre, the world, could be carried on with equal innocence, and equal economy.

If any reader, however ſelf-confident, on a further acquaintance with our philoſopher, ſhould cenſure the attempt to ſatirize the little real ſtrength diſplayed by thoſe who *ſeem* ſo firm in their opinions, let him but conſider the numberleſs revolutions his own mind has ſuſtained; how little he can govern events, but how much events govern him; how often they have marred his reſolutions, and moulded his will; let him but coolly reflect, and it is not impoſſible that, in ſome way, *mutato nomine*, the fable may, innocently, apply to himſelf.

So

So fully convinced is the author that great moral, mingled even with political, truths, might be ſtrongly, agreeably, and efficaciouſly inculcated, on the ſtage, by a man *really* ſuperior to all party and perſonal conſiderations, if gifted with the combined powers of ſenſe and ſatire, that he hopes ſome writer, of ſuperior abilities, will be induced to exert himſelf, at the preſent criſis, when ſo many raw and ruinous materials ſeem to remain unemployed, and which, if ably and artfully put together, would ſerve for the conſtruction of a drama that might, at once, pleaſe the ear, ſecure the heart, and, by its general tendency and appropriate application, invigorate the beſt principles which can ſupport rational liberty, ſound ethics, and poliſhed ſociety; though, before he aims at inſtructing, by pleaſing, perhaps, it may be neceſſary to aſk, if, at this moment, he is likely to pleaſe by inſtructing? Yet, ſurely, every effort ought to be made; zeal ſhould never be abated; hope, never abandoned.

However, few people can be ignorant of the many circumſtances which muſt, yet ſeldom can, combine, to procure ſucceſs to a piece, equal to that of a Pizarro, where a Manager has genius, dreſſes, decorations, muſic, admirable actors, a perſonal intereſt, and a popular name, to enſure a favourable reception to his labours.

In

In the preſent inſtance, ſhould approbation follow a private peruſal, it may not be leſs gratifying than any applauſe, which might accompany a public performance. Though the printing of a play does not lead to the profits of a nine nights wonder; (and, whether it ſhall pleaſe, *decies repetita*, though the fame of a bard may be, his finances are not, materially, affected,

"Geſtit enim nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo;")

yet, by the aid of the preſs, an author, probably, ſkreens his production from the ſad and ſolemn ceremony of condemnation, on the ſtage; as, by a previous conſultation, the public pulſe may be ſuppoſed to beat, in ſome degree, in uniſon with his own hopes.

If any apology is requiſite for that ſpecies of wit and humour, attempted by *Sirloin*, to diſplay which, frequent reſort is had to punning and playing on words, it is to be preſumed a remark may, here, be permitted—that the fineſt Attic ſalt is not to be ſought for, in the kitchen, but ſuch ſalt as the kitchen may be ſuppoſed to afford.

An epilogue, has been added; and, *ſhould* a prologue be wanted, to introduce THE SYSTEMATIC PHILOSOPHER on the boards, an endeavour ſhall be made to ſupply one; but, firſt, the play

itſelf, ſhould be reviſed, and ſome emendations propoſed.

Perhaps, there is no adage more generally applicable, in many of the common concerns of life, yet ſo ſeldom, wiſely or willingly, applied, as the juſt and judicial one, "that no man ought to be a judge in his own cauſe."—That the irritable race of authors, are, ſometimes, the leaſt competent, of any, to decide, for themſelves, will not, probably, be diſputed. He who aims at the acquirement of fame, will, often, only provoke cenſure; and this, ſurely, ſhould be deeply and durably impreſſed on the heart, as a kind of ſaving clauſe, and conſolation, to diſappointed ſelf-importance. Of that truth, the preſent author is perfectly ſenſible; and too much of vanity hath he ſeen, not to be duly diſguſted with its inceſſant ſeduction, and powerful and vexatious operation; too much of ſelf-aſſurance, not to ſmile at its frequent folly, and frequent failure; therefore, in what rank, as a dramatic performance, the following is entitled to be placed; whether beſt calculated to be peruſed in the cloſet, or performed at the theatre; (perhaps, if left, preciſely, in its preſent ſhape, the deciſion might be in favour of the former;) how juſtly it may aſpire to the title of an original or legitimate drama; in what ſcenes it may require a clipper, coiner, or adapter; what has

been attempted, and what achieved; whether the dialogue is rich, or penurious; natural, or ſtiff; careleſs, or correct; in what ſpirit the characters may have been conceived, and with what propriety preſerved: all theſe, and many more queſtions, let it be the province of an accurate and impartial reader to anſwer.

That his pretenſions might be fairly, fully, and diſintereſtedly examined, as no other practicable mode occurred to him, the author has ventured to empannel the Public, as a grand jury; yet, preſumptuous indeed muſt he be to challenge any of his jurors, much leſs to give a charge to them, when they retire, within their own chamber, to conſider his caſe. What the *Foreman* (the Reviewer will forgive the appellation) ſhall report, may be of conſiderable importance. However, after a patient, though, ſometimes, painful, inveſtigation, innocence rarely ſuffers ſeverely, either in our courts of law, equity, or criticiſm; and as, in ſpite of the moſt ingenious, powerful, and pathetic addreſs, juſtice will, and ought to have, its courſe, the author, who has, thus, appealed to the verdict of the Public, is prepared, reſpectfully and implicitly, to abide by that verdict.

He conceives not that he has a right to any thing more than to be arraigned and tried, in open court, by his country and his peers, except the uſual conſolation, until judgment ſhall be pronounced—The hopes of a good deliverance.

March 30th, 1800.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

A FEW typographical errors, will occur.—In page 9, with *variations*, ſhould have been, with *accompaniments*.—Page 28, *ſtade*, *ſtaid*.—Page 49, *Guilotine*, *Guillotine*.—Page 53, *ſet to muſic*, omitted.—Page 63, no *man*, no *perſon*.—Page 68, line the 1ſt, *you*, ought to have been left out.—*Day*, *Proteſtant*, and a few words beſides, are, improperly, printed with capital letters. The punctuation, is not, always, as complete as could be wiſhed; not even as the author could make it. But, as ſuch imperfections, with eaſe, may be corrected by a judicious, and, by a candid, reader, will not be attributed to ignorance, nothing further ſhall be ſaid on that ſubject. Let it yield to one, which, at this moment, is, and ever will be, much more intereſting to his feelings. That a man, not unfrequently, is a *bad judge in his own cauſe*, has been verified, even within the laſt twenty-four hours; for, ſince the preſs has been broken up, a valuable female friend has ſuggeſted that there are expreſſions in the "Syſtematic Philoſopher," which, poſſibly, *might* be miſconſtrued into levity, to the diſadvantage of the author; who, thus, ſolemnly, declares, that, as nothing has been further from his intentions, nothing is more remote from his wiſhes.

DEDICATION.

I, CERTAINLY, know many high and honourable characters, to whom, with real reſpect, I might offer the following Play: but I would ſeduloufly avoid the imputation of adulatory incenſe, kindled, rather, for benefits expected, than benefits received.

Where was my firſt duty; where my fineſt feelings were; there ſhall be my firſt dedication. Though the mortal parts of thoſe parents, who had the earlieſt claim to my earlieſt affections, are mouldering in the grave, the *immortal*, at the moment my heart dictates theſe lines, *may* be conſcious of this poor, but public, proof, of my gratitude, for numberleſs obligations; obligations, which no man ſhould be aſhamed to avow, becauſe no man ſhould be aſhamed to feel; which never can be forgotten; and which—NOW—never can be repaid.

To

To them, then; to their memory; and their manes; and to thoſe, ſo long and ſo fondly united to them, by ties of love and conſanguinity, who have followed, or are following, their ſhades to the tomb: To the quick, too, their deſcendants, as well as to the dead, I dedicate this little work; anxiouſly including, as not leſs valuable, though more recently acquired, thoſe friends, gained by a connexion, which, in this world, ultimately decides the happineſs of ſo many individuals.

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir SOBER SYSTEM *(the Syſtematic Philoſopher).*
Major COUNTERGUARD *(his Friend).*
ALLWORTHY *(Father to Eliza).*
Signor Don SANCHEZ, ALPHONSE, REMIRE, FRANCISQUE, *Don* MATADOR.
RAGOT *(French Valet to Sir Sober Syſtem).*
CRAFT *(an Innkeeper).*
CHATTER *(a Windſor Chair-maker).*
GRAFT *(Gardener; at the Inn).*

WOMEN.

ELIZA ALLWORTHY.
CHARLOTTE *(her Friend, and Siſter to Sir Sober Syſtem).*
Mrs. ARCH GOSSIP *(Maid to Eliza Allworthy).*
SIRLOIN *(Cook to Sir Sober Syſtem).*
BET, O'BOTHERUM O'BALDERDASH *(an Iriſh Beggar-woman).*

Oſtler, Waiters, Servants, &c.

SCENE—*Firſt at* GREENWOOD PARK, *Sir Sober Syſtem's Seat in the Country; then, at an Inn, on the Road; afterwards, again at* GREENWOOD, *and, ultimately, in London.*

THE

SYSTEMATIC, OR IMAGINARY, PHILOSOPHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room at Greenwood. *Major* COUNTERGUARD *and* RAGOT.

Major Counterguard.

SO, your maſter is ſtrolling in the woods!—Why, with his ſtarving ſyſtem, he looks, already, like Duns Scotus, in his laſt page and laſt pang.

Rag. Ah! by gar! if this is living like a philoſopher, let Ragot live like a footman.

Major C. And I would rather meſs with Doctor Sangrado himſelf. But, not being a philoſopher, I want my dinner moſt devoutly.

Rag. Ah! Mrs. Sirloin, our ſurly cook, is in one great hurry to ſend it in.—Mon Dieu! what a *ſauvage* that *grande* voman is!

Major C. To be ſure, a more curious or cumbrous maſs of moving matter, never have I beheld:

ſhe is a compound of every thing that is odd, or ugly; ſhe has the expreſſion of a Saracen, the temper of a termagant, and the tongue of a fiſhwoman. By all that's grim and ghaſtly, you might ſearch from the Piazzas, in Covent Garden, to the Pillars of Hercules, or from the great wall of China, to the coaſt of Patagonia, or river Amazon, and find not a more fantaſtic piece of ſolidity. With the eyes of a ferret, ſhe looks as if ſhe was juſt arrived, expreſs, from the "Promontory of Noſes." She has the proboſcis of an elephant, with the manners of a half-humanized Hottentot.—(Ragot, *rejoicing, ſays, Oui, you have reaſon.)*—Her complexion, is an abſolute tulip-bed. To her, Kitty Crowder was a pallid nymph: and, like Kate, ſhe is indebted, for her ruby face, to Venus, leſs than Bacchus.—When ſeen together, you reſemble the oſtrich and humming-bird. The girdle of old Jack Falſtaff, of ludicrous and laughter-moving memory, would not make the tenth part of an apron-ſtring for her. Beſides, ſhe has a black, briſtly beard; and the laſt barber, who reaped a plentiful, though painful, crop, from her phiz, aſſured me it was as arduous a taſk, to double her chin, as to double Cape Horn againſt the violence of a monſoon.—(Ragot *ſays, Oui, oui, very true.)*—She would outſkirt the big bed at Ware; and fat and fruitful will be the ſoil, which receives her cold carcaſs as a tribute.—But, while I ſeek my friend Sir Sober Syſtem, you muſt keep the old tigreſs at bay.

Rag. Yes, Monſieur.

Major C. Yet, will he ſtop, muſe, and moralize on every object that he ſees, from a mountain to a mouſe-trap; and, often, am I obliged to ſend and ſee if he has fallen into a reverie, or a river. But the

the dinner, when we appear at the end of the avenue—

Rag. Sir, I have but to obey. [*Exit.*

Major COUNTERGUARD, *ſolus.*

Major C. Good God! what an altered man is Sir Sober! I muſt entice him again into the world. No man has a better head, or heart; and, before he grew ſo confoundedly ſerious and ſyſtematic, there was not a pleaſanter fellow in England. —But, to his haunts in the wood. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Kitchen. SIRLOIN. *To her, enter* RAGOT, *ſinging.*

Sirl. What! you French fellow, you won't take the dinner? it has been ready this half hour. Come! run, raſcallion; ring the bell; rouſe the family. What! you think I have nothing to ſerve up but a fricaſsèe of frogs, or a *hamblet* of eggs, or cauliflower, for your maſter; but your captains, or majors, don't like to live ſo. And Miſs Charlotte, is dying for his red coat, and he, for her red cheeks, they ſay. As to me, I wiſh he were in Jamaica, Jericho, the Jordan, or in jeopardy in a French priſon, or French pantry; any where, but here, for he gives me more plague than pence. I often ſee the colour of his cloth, but ſeldom the colour of his caſh, for all that.

Rag. Ah! The Major is one genteel gentleman —ſo faſhionable! No one is more ſought after.

Sirl. Yes, too genteel to live at home, pay his debts, or part with his money; and, like many faſhionable

ſhionable people, more frequently ſought after, than found—when a creditor is in the caſe.

Rag. Ah! by gar, how you Engliſhvoman can talk!

Sirl. Yes, were I not to ſpeak, ſtir, and ſtrike too, in my own kitchen, I muſt lead the life of a ſlave; and I ſhould be ſorry if I had not lungs to be heard all over the houſe. What! do you think I am to be governed by a French fiddler?—Better be the cat than the cook, if I am to go mewing and mewling about.—I will make you know, I am Dame Deſpot, here; and more arbitrary than the grand *Singer*, in his Divan—now Mrs. Garniſh, the houſe-keeper, is gone; and the devil and a diſhclout go with her, ſay I—ſhe was always peeping and pry-ing into the corners and cupboards, and denied every body peace, or a perquiſite, but herſelf.

Rag. Ah! very good lady—ſo pretty, ſo polite!

Sirl. Polite! I'd dreſs a good dinner with her, or any cook in Paris.—You may talk of your *ſauce piquante*, *ſauce appetiſſante*, and *ſauce à la Reine*, too; but, if it rained ſauces, I will ſay, with your deeds and your diſhes, there are always ſome double deal-ings. Why, go into a French kitchen, with their oil, dirt and garlic, and Greenland dock, in the dog-days, would be a noſegay to it. And you Frenchmen, to be good ſervants, want good look-ing after; not one in ten can be truſted from the parlour to the pantry.

Rag. Ah! by gar, and you Engliſh ſervants, too!—Scapin, with all his tricks, was a ſaint to ſome, I know—ah! conſcience, conſcience! *(In good Engliſh.)*

Sirl. Ay; conſcience, honour, and honeſty, are the only words you can pronounce well; for, I ſuppoſe, you learnt them here.

Rag.

Rag. Ah! but, my good *cuiſinière*, what can I do to ſooth you?

Sirl. I your couſin, indeed!—get back to your own country.—

Rag. No, no—by gar, I no love French law, or French *liberté*.

Sirl. What! I ſuppoſe you are afraid of being put in requiſition, to ſerve as a piper or powder-monkey. They tell me, they are all a pack of *publicans*, now, and dare and defy God and devil; but Old Nick, he'll cut, and carbonado too, enough of your *publicans*, by and by, I'll warrant.

Rag. (Fiercely.) By gar! Ragot is no republican. —Ragot love his king and country, and leave France with his late maſter, the Marquis, at the riot and revolution, and ſerve him, with *fidelité*, till he die. Me hate the republique, and republican.

Sirl. Yes, indeed, there were my late miſtreſs, Lady Gadabout, and her ſiſter, Mrs. Grumble, wanted me to go over with them from Brighton to Dieppe, when they firſt began to talk of theſe *publicans*. No, Madam, my lady, ſaid I, marry me to a puppet, or a *publican*, if I do. I hate all the roguiſh race—I might be obliged to fondle and fraternize with the grenadiers, and lay aſide my *mauvaiſe hunt*, as they call it. Bad hunting, indeed! No, a Corniſh hug for me, rather than ſuch hugs.—No; I value my *mauvaiſe hunt* as much as—ſome ladies of the firſt faſhion in the kingdom—no; I had rather hunt for cobwebs, in the corners, here, than be caught in their cobwebs. Beſides, I may have my face put to peep out of that diabolical, noxious, national window, as they call it, the guillotine; and then they would pop my head in a hamper, or ſtick it on a pike, or

ſpit,

ſpit, and not give me a Chriſtian's funeral; for there's no Chriſtianity, now, among them: they have ten priſons for one prieſt—prieſts, now, are as ſcarce, in Paris, as woodcocks, in July—and as much out of ſeaſon, too.

Rag. True; they would bury the beſt of you in your *commune.*

Sirl. Yes; put my cold carcaſs in the common; in unconſecrated ground—out in the common. No, my lady, ſays I; Sirloin had rather be ſwaddled, and ſmothered, too, like old Jack Falſtaff, with all the dirty linen in Windſor, and thrown into a black ditch, or the Thames, in a buck-baſket—no; pommel me for the witch of Brentford, if I do; or put cows-horns on my head, and turn me into Herne the huntſman. There's ſome fun in ſuch frolics; and I like a joke as well as another; but, at Dieppe, there are no jokes, NOW, among them. (Ragot *ſays, Ah! pauvre France!)*—Ay; and I might have a *domiſilly* viſit, before I had my clothes on in the morning; and I wiſh they had been only ſilly, then it might have ended in a play of fools, and not of furies. No, my lady, I'll ſerve you here, in England, as long as I pleaſe, and you pleaſe me, and pay me my wages; but pickle me if I go to Dieppe—to the dickens, rather than to Dieppe—no; ſalt me in the ſea, dip me in the deep, if I do. I don't like their laws or their lingo either, not I. Why, who'd live in ſuch a curſed country as that, where they call bread, *pan,* and a ſaucepan, a *catsroll?*

Rag. No, no;—*(Pronouncing it right)—caſſerole,* or *marmite.*

Sirl. Mar meat, indeed! for the deuce a bit of meat, or any thing elſe, they meddle with, they don't mar—mar meat, mar manners, morals, and

ſenſe

ſenſe too, I think. Ay; I ſhould have been ſhut up in a dark dungeon, half a foot ſquare, or put in requiſition, to dreſs frogs and fritters for the *publican* army; zounds! I would poiſon them all, from the citizen ſoldier to the citizen general, as they call them—why, I had rather make horſe-fleſh hotchpotch, and be ſcullion, in Old England, to a kennel of fox-hounds.

Rag. But, by gar, never will I return to France.

Sirl. No; you are no fool! I dare ſay you would rather travel about, here, crying Punch-bowls and bellows to mend. But, come! ſerve the dinner; the ſalmon will be ſpoilt, the ſoup and ſauce cold, and the meat burnt to a cinder.

Rag. But my maſter no finiſhed his *promenade.*

Sirl. Don't talk to me of your maſter's lemonade. If philoſophers live on lemonade, and vegetables, *légumes* as you call them, I would rather be a turnſpit dog, than a philoſopher; 'tho' ſome dogs, now-a-days, are treated more as if they were of the Chriſtian, than canine, ſpecies.

Enter Mrs. ARCH GOSSIP, *in a travelling dreſs; ſhe has, under her arm, a pug dog, with a light-coloured wig on his head, ribands, bells, &c.* Sirloin *ſtares at her, ſaying,* Who the deuce have we here?

A. Goſ. And how could the creatures ſhow me into the kitchen? Lord! to meet ſuch a *Hottenpot* the moment one arrives! the great greaſy Gorgon! but you are Mr. Ragot, I preſume. Why, I wonder, as the poets would ſay, you are not turned to a rock, a ſtone ſtatue of Apollo—Meduſa herſelf! Do you not ſee the ſnakes, and hear them hiſſing in her head?

Rag. Douceur—Ah! I wiſh you would give her a *douceur*, to ſtop her vile tongue.

A. Goſ.

A. Gof. *Douceur*—O! that's the way you imagine we ſtop a perſon's tongue, in England, is it? Surely you have been ſome great gentleman's gentleman, or ſome gentleman great man; but I don't mean *your douceur*, the common *douceur*, but Meduſa, herſelf, after her fall, as the poets tell us. Do you ever, like me, *provoke* the Muſes? Oh! if I am to be won, when woo'd, it muſt be by a poet. Oh! ſpeak to me of the poets, or of Pug; one line in poetry is worth a whole bulky, Bodleian library of proſe. Oh! if Locke had but written his Eſſays in blank verſe, and Newton his *Prince of Scipio* in rhyme!

Rag. Ah! how *ſuperbe!*

A. Gof. Yet, behold your rival, in my Pug—oh, the fond, faſhionable creature!

Rag. Ah! he has the air of the *bonne compagnie!* and *en perruque* too!

A. Gof. Lord! he has wigs of every colour, from the faireſt Bohemian flaxen, to the true Brutus black. Oh, he is worth ten times his weight in genuine gold of Peru, or glittering diamonds of Golconda! I will ſing you a ſong, a little poetical effuſion, I made, on my Pug, extempore, at firſt ſight, when he was murmuring, and peeping out of a milk-white wicker baſket, dear creature! at the corner of the Hay Market.

Rag. Ah! favour us with the *petite chanſon.*

SONG.

A. Gof. Cupid, in either whiſker, ſmiling,
Lies conceal'd in Puggy's cheeks,
Goſſip of her heart beguiling,
At every note that Puggy ſqueaks.
Ah me! I love; ah me! I languiſh;
(Soon, too ſoon, I've loſt my heart:)
Oh, the joy! and oh, the anguiſh!
Never, never will we part.

Sirl. Ay, that's right; ſinging when the family ought, almoſt, to be ſupping. Come, I'll give you as good a ſong as that, on the black ſow killed laſt week. Halloo! Here, Cinderilla, bring me my tambourine;—*(Enter* CINDERILLA, *a maſculine black woman)*—and, d'ye hear, two pewter plates for cymbals, that I may be in the faſhion, as well as Mrs. Arch Goſſip—and Mr. Pug.

Cind. Yes, Miſſy.

Sirl. And call Moll Mopſqueezer, Drummetella, Trumpetena, Trianglena, and the whole band.

Cind. Yes, Miſſy. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cinderilla *(with the plates and tambourine).*

Enter (with ſeveral more) Moll Mopſqueezer, *having a mopſtick, to beat the long drum*; Trumpetena, *(with a trumpet and falſe cheeks)*; Drummetella, *(a long drum)*; Trianglena, *(a triangle)*, *&c. &c.*; *all in appropriate dreſſes.*

Sirl. Come, are you ready?—Surely, if an emperor could play his antics, while Rome was burning, I may ſing, while my meat burns.

SONG.

Tune, *The Brown Jug*, with variations.

Sirloin *plays the tambourine, with ridiculous geſtures*; Cinderilla, *the cymbals*; *and the others, their different inſtruments.*

Sirl. This ſow, for which now I ſo ſob and ſo ſigh,
Late, ſtretch'd at her eaſe, lay and ſnor'd in her ſty.
In nuzzling for acorns, all ſows ſhe'd excel,
And, oh! for a ſigh, ſure ſhe bore off the bell—
And, oh! for a grunt, ſure ſhe bore off the bell.

But her throat is now cut, by her true love forſaken,
And ſalted her ſides, to make roiſty old bacon;
While her nine little pigs, to her merits all raiſe
Their nine little ſnouts, and all warble her praiſe—
Their nine little ſnouts, and all—grunt forth her praiſe.

A. Goſ. Oh! the ſavage!

Sirl. (*To* Cinderilla, *to whom ſhe gives the tambourine.*) There—have a wire bottom made, and it will ſerve to ſift your cinders; and you may all go to your work again, and ceaſe your noiſe and nonſenſe. [*Exeunt* Cinderilla, Trumpetena, *&c. &c.*

A. Goſ. Compare my little prince and peer of pugs, to a great pig! Scandalum magnatum! Where is the marſhal of the Marſhalſea? My attorney, ſhall file a bill; proſecute for defamation; and retain the moſt eminent counſel in London for poor Pug!

Sirl. Away! I'll poiſon him before nine this night.

A. Goſ. Oh! help! help! help!

Rag. Ah! *le pauvre animal!*

A. Goſ. Well, were I in a beſieged town, and allowed to carry out, on my back, what was moſt precious to me, I am ſure I ſhould prefer Pug to my parrot, monkey, or huſband, even were he Signor Don Matador himſelf, my greateſt favourite—of the biped kind.

Sirl. Come, clear the kitchen.

A. Goſ. Well, when I marry Don Matador (but it is a ſecret), I will have a hat not bigger than a ſilver penny, and a tranſparent uniform of gleamy goſſamer, made by a Perſian fairy.

Sirl. Tranſparent! better like our *firſt parent*, Eve, at once.

A. Goſ. But do you know how love is declared inPerſia? The gentleman preſents the lady with—a tulip,

a tulip, and—that's all; but as much as to ſay, This is an emblem of my paſſion: like the leaves of this tulip, my face is all in a blaze of love; and, like the inſide, my heart is burnt as black as a coal. Have you any tulips in the garden, ha, Mr. Ragot? *(Advancing towards him.)* Shall we go and ſee?—ha, Mr. Ragot?

Rag. (Handing her out.)—Avec plaiſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Wood, in Sir Sober Syſtem's *Park. Sir* SOBER, *ſitting under a tree, with a book, and a paper, with ſome lines written on it.*

Sir S. (Looking up ſuddenly.) Yes; even the deer in the park dread me!

Ah! haſte not thus away, dear innocents,
Dear, dappled innocents, to mortal ſin
Strangers, and mortal man's diſaſtrous ways—
(Save when, with deſperate hounds, they ſeek thy haunts:)
Stay! ſtay! no foe, no ſavage huntſman, I.
See how they run!—Now, bounding o'er the plain,
Now, through the brake, they force their ardent way.
Yes! yes! thou know'ſt me—right; I am a man.
Fly! fly!—each creature flies rapacious man,
By inſtinct flies him, at the dawn of youth:
Man, perilous man, wolf of God's numerous flock,
The vileſt atom of this atom world;
The ſtrange, ephemeral being of a day;
The earth's baſe maſter, and oppreſſor—man!

Enter Major COUNTERGUARD.

Major C. What! my friend, Sir Sober Syſtem, my harping humouriſt; ever railing at man, man-

ners, or matrimony! Why you look as if all the maladies, within the bills of mortality, were centred in your own ſad ſelf.

Sir S. The face is not always an index to the feelings. I am not ſad; I am only ſerious.

Major C. Serious, indeed! Still wedded to ſolitude and ſilence, interrupted only by your own ſoliloquies. Would I could ſee you exchange ſilence for another partner—ſome ſprightly ſpinſter!

Sir S. Another, truly!—for ſilence and ſuch partners never formed one and the ſame ſelf.

Major C. You had better advertiſe for a dumb wife.

Sir S. And, if I ſhould find this nondeſcript, I might not have half as much regard for her, as for my dumb waiter.

Major C. (Obſerving the piece of paper.) What! ſome ill-humoured epigram, I ſuppoſe.

Sir S. Yes, but there is leſs poetry than truth in it. Shall I reviſe, correct, and ſend it to the Lady's Magazine?

Major C. Correct your own grumbletonian, ſimpletonian ſyſtem. *(Taking the paper, and reading.)*

> Woman's affections quickly veer;
> To one true point they rarely ſteer;
> Now to the eaſt, and now the weſt,
> Juſt as each whim invades the breaſt:
> They fluctuate, like the twirling vane,
> Round, and round, and round again.

—Surely, there is more of wantonneſs than wit in it.

Sir S. Wantonneſs and woman, then, are well matched. She cannot be in company ſhe likes better.

Major

Major C. Although you do conſider marriage as the *hiera picra*, the ſacred bitter, I don't deſpair of ſeeing you ſurrounded with a wife, nurſes, children, their cradles, cat-calls, pap, playthings, and panikins.

Sir S. I do not deſpair of ſeeing the men, or the monkeys of the north, ſouth pole, or the moon, either—What! matrimony and manacles! A pretty ſyſtem for a rational being! Oh! Hymen, horrors, and hornworks! To have a woman eternally at your elbow, nonſenſically noiſy, or ſullenly ſilent—I would rather have a hornet's neſt on the tympanum of each ear.

Major C. Doom me, though, rather to dance one of my own puppets, than ſolve one of your problems.

Sir S. When matrimony and happineſs can be reduced to a mathematical certainty, I will marry—prove it by *A* plus *B*, divided by *Z*—and I am ready—for dutcheſs or dairy-maid.

Major C. I hope ſtill to ſee you, happineſs, and a helpmate, united.

Sir S. Ay, you are all hopes.

Major C. So much the better.

Sir S. So much the worſe.

The joys, the youthful joys, of early dawn,
Though fair, are fleeting too; our gayeſt hopes,
Hopes and deſires, are but our daylight dreams,
The wanton, waking rhapſodies of man:
Theſe are the ſorry ſemblances of truth,
Mere adumbrations!—for the proſp'rous breeze,
Which fondly flatters, in the morn of life,
Ere eve, as foully fails us; yet this hope,
Which ought to be our cure, and not our care,
This ſelf-ſame hope, is ever on the wing,
And anxious for freſh changes—and—freſh ſtorms—
New days—and—new deceits!——

Major

Major C. Well, well! Very fine, very fanciful, and very like yourſelf; but may God ever add to my preſent poſſeſſion, future hope; hope, which gives activity to all courage, and energy to all enterpriſe; hope, which made Cæſar maſter of the Roman empire, and Alexander maſter of the known world.

Sir S. And what if Cæſar never had been that maſter? Why, Rome might have lived free, and Cæſar died innocent; nor ſhould we have ſeen the Imperial purple, in after-ages, ſtained by the follies and crimes of ſlaves, ſimpletons, chicken-feeders, fiddlers, and fly-catchers; and Alexander, without your *hopes*, might have been ſpared the ſhedding of guiltleſs blood and ambitious tears. Give me courage and conduct, in a good cauſe; in the defence, and not the deſtruction, of liberty and mankind.

Major C. There, we agree. Yet, without hope—

Sir S. Hope, again! I love deſpair. I have ever found hope a flattering friend, and a raſh, ruinous, and deceitful counſellor; with more of warmth than wiſdom; ſomething always in reverſion, but never in poſſeſſion; furniſhing us with but a falſe glimmer, amidſt real darkneſs. Hope, feeds and pampers us, but deſpair is a wholeſome regimen; and, if not the mildeſt, is the moſt merciful medicine, for all diſorders of the mind; the more deſperate, the more efficacious. Hope, renders us eager and anxious; deſpair, completes our refuſal, and ends our perplexities. Go; you be ruined by the deception of your beſt hopes, I ſaved by the annihilation of mine; for, thus, I have acquired vigour, by making a virtue of neceſſity. My own weakneſs, is become my own ſtrength; my former purſuits, are my preſent loathings;

loathings; my fears, are turned to rage; my hopes, to deſpair. Objects, which I could not obtain, I now deſpiſe. Hope, the wild and wanton companion of my youth, take you who will; deſpair is mine, and ſhall be the courage, and conſolation of my future days.

Major C. Gracious God! Why, you rave like one poſſeſſed. But few free competitors will you find; for the world will, readily, reſign your friend *deſpair*, in fee-ſimple, to you and your progeny for ever.

Sir S. If I am poſſeſſed, it is not of devils, however; for I caſt them out when I abjured the ſociety of unfeathered bipeds; and God forbid I ſhould leave a race of beings, fleſh of my fleſh, and bone of my bone, born to inherit all the fury and frailties mortality is heir to!

Major C. What! not to inherit your friend and favourite, *deſpair*. Come, come; you are a mere mixture of pride, paſſion, and paradox.

Sir S. I *was*; but paltry pride has ſubmitted to chriſtian humility; and paſſion, to human reaſon; but there is truth in paradox, as well as demonſtration; and I love to ſpeak the truth, be it plain or paradoxical, wholeſome or otherwiſe.

Major C. 'Tis well, then, you depend not on a patron for your exiſtence; for ſhow me a leſs favourable introduction to one than truth!—but, think you, all who like to *ſpeak*, are equally fond of *hearing*, the truth? If ſo, I will whiſper, that you have been doubly deceived theſe two years, by thoſe you much love.

Sir S. Love! I have nothing to do with love.

If love can boaſt its benefits and bliſs;
Its ſcatter'd roſes, and its tempting ſweets;

Love

Love hath its pains and penalties decreed;
Its agonizing pains, its thorns and throes;
Its yells and ululations too!

Major C. Yes, *love*—deceived by yourſelf, and your ſyſtems.

Sir S. And if I *have*—Live we not in a world in which deceit ſeems to be the general ſyſtem, and cement?

Major C. And you *ſeem* to delight in captious contradictions.

Sir S. Every thing, *ſeems!*—

Truſt not appearances; for cold he *ſeems*,
He, who in torments burns: ſee murd'rous man,
A ſmile aſſume, while hell, profoundeſt hell,
Lurks in his guilty, and deceitful ſoul.
Clad in the garb of woe, the youthful heir,
The ſweeping pall ſupports, with downcaſt eye,
Diſſembling; while, ſuborn'd, the villain ſtabs,
Stabs to the heart, through ſimulation's guiſe.
All, all but *ſeems*—woman's a counterfeit,
For, while ſhe turns, with more than heavenly ſmile,
Your kind embrace to meet, ſhe'll foully blot
Diſhonour on thy ſcutcheon—baſtard blood!
Suppoſititious whelps!---*All, all* but *ſeems*—
This earth we tread, this convex earth, is falſe;
For, while ſhe *ſeems* in modeſt mood to ſit,
Runs gadding round the ſun—himſelf a liar,
For, while he *ſeems* his ſtately courſe to ſteer
O'er heaven's high arch, ſerene, commanding, ſtands,
'Midſt his obedient ſpheres!

Major C. Why, you are a kind of moral alchymiſt: you can change the meaning of, and extract morality from, every thing; it is dangerous to ſay a word to you.

Sir S. Yes, words and women are dangerous things; yet, indeed, many a man, in this country,

lives by his words, his wife, or his wits. The trade of wordcraft is more productive, now, than that of witchcraft, or prieſtcraft either.

Major C. Still the diſmal view! I do believe you have ſome new-created, nondeſcript ſpeculum, or tube, to your teleſcope, and that you contrive to ſee the dark ſide, even when dame Cynthia is in full beauty. As to me, though I do not boaſt of a *ſyſtem*, I profit by the preſent, reflect, with pleaſure, on the paſt, and contemplate, with *hopes*—you'll excuſe me—the future.

Sir S. By paſt, by preſent, and by future, time
Doth meaſure all; the preſent, why 't is gone,
Nay, while we ſpeak 't is gone, neglected, by—
Seen, from afar, a dubious ſpeck, then comes
Futurity, in tenfold gloom involv'd:
So dark, ſo doubtful is the future time,
That the bought wedding, proves the winding-ſheet.
The days, for triumphs choſen, are the days
Of death and diſappointment; and the hours,
Deſtin'd, by man, for feaſts and revelry,
Are, by the wiſe decrees of God, ordain'd
As hours of pains and puniſhments. The paſt,
Lives but a faded form, but half impreſs'd
On the mind's mem'ry, or reviving, oft',
Affliction's barbed pangs.

Major C. Yes, well may you ſay that the preſent "yea, while we ſpeak, is gone neglected by," for the deuce of any dinner ſhall I have to-day, if you go on thus.

Sir S. (Seeming ſurpriſed.) Dinner!

Major C. Yes; and, in ſhort, will you proceed, ſolus, in your ranting morality, or, with me, to the roaſt mutton? I ſhould prefer, juſt now, the worſt ſoup to the beſt ſenſe, and a ſimple raſher of bacon, in a farm-houſe, to the ſoundeſt feaſt

of reaſon, with Socrates himſelf, in the renowned Lycæum, or in the meadows, on the banks of the Iliſſus. I envy not your ſyſtems, or your ſtarvation; I only envy every man who has got a hot dinner before him, or a cold one either.

Sir S. Envy, is not in *my* ſyſtem!

Envy, both mean, malign, and void of ſoul;
See how ſhe creeps, yet reigns without control:
The brave, the great, the good, thy ſtings muſt feel,
Their virtues, tortur'd on thy wanton wheel.
Fearful, yet free to ſtrike, this vice aſſumes
Each ſhape, and, in each ſhape, ſome worth conſumes:
Compound of grief, of malice, rage, deſpair,
Hatred and hell, each poiſonous paſſion 's there.
A conſcious coward too—to darkneſs doom'd,
By Satan gender'd, thou!—lie, lie with him entomb'd.

Major C. Come along, come along; to the devil all the envy: give me the eatables. *(Pulls out Sir* Sober Syſtem.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Stable Yard of an Inn, on the Bath Road.

CRAFT, *and* ELIZA's *Livery Servant.*

Servant.

YES, heavy; *(Pointing to his pocket)*—my miſtreſs has forty thouſand pounds now, beſides old ſquare-toes.

Cra. Heavy! Why, then, we muſt have four horſes—Ha?

Serv. Fourteen, if you chooſe: ſhe is able enough to pay for them.

Cra. Well, go to the bar, and get a glaſs of wine.

Serv. Suppoſe I take a couple; one for each extra horſe? [*Exit Servant.*

Cra. Oſtler—John Oſtler, get four horſes for that chaiſe.

Oſtler. (Entering.) I am ſure we have enough of them, in the ſtable, ſwelling for want of work; but a pair was ordered—

Cra. Four, I ſay; leave the reſt to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room at the Inn.—ELIZA *and* CHARLOTTE.

Eliza. But is your brother, Sir Sober Syſtem, become a *ſerious* philoſopher?

Char. Serious, my Eliza! Why, to him, Don Quixote was a merry-andrew, and Heraclitus a harlequin: he is more occupied by his ſyſtem, than Mr. Lenitive with his prize No. 2, 5, 3, 8.

Eliza. You muſt excuſe my laughing a little, at your brother.

Char. O yes! I laugh, though I lament. What! a man of his figure, faſhion, and addreſs, not yet twenty-eight, born to adorn and animate ſociety, to ſeclude himſelf in the country, and converſe only with the dead in his ſtudy, or the deer in his park! He wanders, in the woods, or ſits, in a great armed-chair, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, with faſtened doors and full-grown folios; and, in the evening, inſtead of taking his nap, or nightcap, calls for his teleſcope—There is not a ſign, or ſtar, he does not know, from Aries to Piſces; from the Great Bear, to the little *Bow-wow*.

Eliz. And not found out the longitude yet?

Char. No; though he talks to me of longitude and latitude, of parallax, nucleus, and nebulæ, aſcending and deſcending nodes, till my noddle nods ſo, I am obliged to *aſcend* to my pillow. If I aſk him to go out to dinner, a race, rout, or ball, he replies, "You may go, if you "pleaſe, but it is not in my ſyſtem." Yet who, once more gay or agreeable to what he, now, calls our trifling ſex?

Eliza. Though he neglects the ſex, I am ſure he ſtill loves his ſiſter. But, from whence are we to date his converſion, from faſhion to philoſophy? Not, I hope, by the French calendar, 21ſt Floreal, or ſome ſuch jargon.

Char. No, thank God! the ſyſtem of his brain and ſenſe of his duty keep him far from the infec-

tious ſociety of jacobiniſm, atheiſm, civiſm, and all ſuch furious and fatal *iſms*. He is not one of thoſe who will reject the firſt chapter of Geneſis for the fooliſh chapter of accidents; he is a ſtern and ſteady advocate for true religion and true liberty: but how happy will you make me by accompanying me in my involuntary retirement, at Greenwood Park!

Eliza. Surely, in the country, you have, at leaſt, to intereſt you, honeſty without guile, manners without art, and beauty without paint.

Char. However that may be, give me London: though you do, ſometimes, ſee the picture reverſed, and guile without honeſty, art without manners, and paint without beauty.

Eliza. God bleſs me! when women approach to nine times ſeven, the grand climacteric, that's the time, at ſixty-three, our moſt faſhionable females want to hide and humour their crow's-feet, frowns, furrows, dells, and diſaſters. Why, look at Lady Arch-varniſh, who is ſo plated and plaſtered, ſhe fears to move her neck, leſt the compoſition ſhould crack, and diſcover gaping chaſms —like Calabria after an earthquake.

Char. Yet you will allow it diſplays ſome ingenuity to arrive at ſixty-three, and be a *crack* beauty to the laſt.

Eliza. But, I believe, long before ſixty-three, Lady Arch-varniſh ſubſidized and ſecured thoſe foreign auxiliaries, paint, patches, and plumpers.

Char. What! do you think it difficult to ſecure an ally without a ſubſidy?

Eliza. Can we always *ſecure* one *with* a ſubſidy? But have you no ſociety, at Greenwood?

Char. None, but the ſnuffling vicar and ſnoring houſe-dog; the blue clouds by day and the blue devils

devils by night. Yet who ſo indulgent, as my brother? I am miſtreſs of the houſe, and might have the direction of his remaining fortune, ſhattered and ſhorn as it is by former dilapidations, his own imprudence, uſurious annuitants, and accommodating attornies, now ſelf-ſtyled, *out* of Chancery as well as *in*, ſolicitors.

Eliza. What! do they begin to be aſhamed of their name? However, where there are ſigns of ſhame, there may be hopes of reformation.

Char. Would that ſome of them had the grace to be aſhamed of any thing!

Eliza. Inſtead of ſolicitors, perhaps, they will ſoon call themſelves ſuitors; but the ſuitors will be nonſuited, I believe, if they move you, or myſelf, for a habeas corpus.

Char. As Old Nick only can ſuit ſome of them here, he, no doubt, will nonſuit enough, hereafter.

Eliza. But, I think, I ſhall love the ſimplicity of the country, and the people.

Char. Believe me, ruſtic villany and vanity aſſume but a different form and phiz: it is only a change from a town to a country dreſs.

Eliza. Then times, too, are changed, or paſtorals feigned.

Char. A little of both, perhaps. Yet, I hope, I am not very wicked if I acknowledge I prefer London to the country; the rattling of carriages to the roaring of caſcades; a ſong to a pſalm, and a play to a pulpit; a chattering man to a chattering rill, and the ugliеſt peer to the prettieſt paſtoral.

Enter CRAFT, *bowing low.*

Cra. You ordered four horſes, ladies, I think. It is a long ſtage, and the roads are terribly bad and

and heavy, and the waters have lately been out, and broken them up ſurpriſingly. We are extremely ſubject to land floods, here.

Eliza. (Aſide.) He has opened the floodgates of his invention, and iniquity, too, on us, I fancy.

Cra. And we have had ſuch a run, I never knew any thing like it, even at a diſſolution of Parliament.

Char. We found the roads very light, my friend, and duſty enough, faith, in ſpite of the halfpenny water-carts, between Brentford and London.

Cra. Ay, Madam, but as you go downwards—beſides, the hills! Berkſhire is ſuch a mountainous country! and next Monday, will be election Monday, at Eton; and yeſterday, was the Montem, and to-morrow, will be the aſſizes, at Reading, and next day, the races; and it is rumoured that one of the county members means to accept of the Chiltern hundreds; but that, indeed, I doubt.

Eliza. (Aſide.) And, faith, I doubt every word you have yet uttered.

Cra. And ſo much company comes to the Terrace, at Windſor, that the horſes are worked almoſt to death, and are panting, now, in the ſtable, for breath. And the quantity of people going to Bath—and———

Eliza. And—I ſee, we are to have four horſes; ſo let them be ready.

Cra. (Aſide.) Well, *that* point is gained.

[*Exit, bowing.*

Eliza. What impudence this landlord has!—Why election Monday will not be this month. The Montem, was *laſt* ſummer. There is ſcarcely a hill, except Salt Hill, on the whole road; and the reſt of his ſtory is in a ſimilar ſtrain of profeſſional

ſional falſehood. But, I am told, your friend Major Counterguard, is an agreeable man.

Char. God bleſs me! did I not tell you ſo myſelf? And is it an uncommon thing for a woman to like an amiable man?

Eliza. Like him, only?

Char. No, I love him; but I have a thouſand reaſons againſt marrying him, yet.

Eliza. Then you have a thouſand more than moſt, of either ſex, for what they do, or leave undone, either.

Char. Nay, is not this called the age of reaſon? But how different reaſon in converſation, and conduct!

Eliza. Say, the age of ribaldry, rhapſody, and riot; leſs the age of reaſon, than of reaſoners; but, luckily, it is not reaſon that governs the world, but the world that governs reaſon.—When do you intend to marry?

Char. You know my ſituation. I have but two thouſand pounds, and that my brother generouſly gave me, when he ſucceeded to an encumbered eſtate; for my father, you know, had not a heart to ſave.

Eliza. And you, my Charlotte, I am ſure, have not a heart to complain.

Char. No, I would tear it from its ſeat, if I had. Though my father made me poor, he did not make me ungrateful. God forbid I ſhould utter one momentary murmur at his imprudence; for, if his prodigality left me nothing to receive, when dead, his kindneſs left me nothing to aſk, when living.

Eliza. I, always, admired your heart. To be ſure, theſe are not times to live on love, and the intereſt of two thouſand pounds. But, how ſtrangely

have

have I joined together, what ought ever to be ſeparated---love and intereſt!

Char. Yet we have more of intereſt, without love, than love, without intereſt.

Eliza. You are too ingenuous, to live in the faſhionable world.

Char. Lord! I ſhould not care if I had a window in my breaſt, that every body might ſee the company there; as, I think, my brother ſays one of the old philoſophers wiſhed he had, or every body had, or ſomebody had, I know not which---an old Greek, I ſuppoſe; and a curious curmudgeon, I dare ſay.

Eliza. I believe that *you* would have little, though many a great deal, to fear, if theſe Grecian windows came much into faſhion. They would require very dark blinds, and many a one would be haſtily blocked up, from the ſurveyor's eye, or the tenants, within, ſubject to triple aſſeſſed taxes, charges, and ſurcharges, too.

Char. And without hopes from appeal to commiſſioners, below, or Chriſt, above.

Eliza. Yet, what diſcoveries ſhould we make through theſe breaſt windows! There we ſhould ſee the orator exclaiming loudly for the good of—himſelf; the lawyer wrangling for—his fee; the lover ſighing for poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs's—fortune; and all mankind moſt ſincerely attached to —themſelves.

Char. You are ſo ſevere, one would think you rather an autumnal, than a vernal, beauty; but, I hope, there is more of ſatire than truth, in what you ſay.

Eliza. A little of each. But confidence, begets confidence. I will open the window, in my breaſt, to you: I mean, if it is only to revenge the ſex,

to marry your brother, immediately.—But here comes Mr. Craft, again. Who have we in his train?

Enter CRAFT, *with Waiters, who bring in knives, plates, cloth, &c. which are haſtily put on the table.*

Char. Why, we did not order dinner.

Cra. Yes, Madam, you may be aſſured of the beſt treatment, beſt of every thing, here: we have our river-fiſh, all alive; and our ſea-fiſh freſh from Billingſgate, three times a day, by the Bath coaches. Excellent Thames eels, ſalmon, flounders, and gudgeons!

Eliza. (Aſide.) He takes us for gudgeons, you ſee.

Cra. There cannot be better: our ducks are of the Muſcovy kind; as large as wild geeſe, and much better flavoured.

Char. (Aſide.) Or for geeſe——

Cra. Always freſh, and never fiſhy: our fowls are from Dorking, and our butcher is known all over the country; the wines, are neat as imported, and have been in the cellar theſe twenty years—no—I beg pardon—nearly nineteen; they were ſafe lodged the ſummer before Lord Rodney broke the French line, in the Weſt Indies, an example which has been moſt nobly followed, as we all know, and, I am ſure, all feel, as we ought.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Come, he has ended well, at leaſt.

Char. (Aſide.) But, *has* he ended?

Cra. The cloth, ladies, is already laid.—Who's there?—Come, buſtle about, waiters: the ladies are in a hurry for their dinners. Come! put your beſt legs foremoſt.

(Enter more Waiters, with dinner, &c.)

—Some madeira, hock, cider, cool tankard—quick, quick! [*Exit* Craft.

(The dinner is put on the table.)—[*Exeunt Waiters.*

Eliza. This is a *cool* fellow, methinks; but let us ſee how far his impudence will carry him.

Char. Like many other people I know—a good deal further, I believe, than his conſcience can follow him. He muſt, ſurely, have had a double dip in the Shannon.

Eliza. Faith, in theſe days, our own baths, in, and near, the metropolis, are equally efficacious. A ſimple dip, in the Thames, will brace the features into as ſettled and ſurpriſing an intrepidity as daily immerſion in the Shannon; impudence, like ignorance, is confined to no country. *(The dinner remains untouched.)* However, I *will* be your ſiſter; and Lady Syſtem—what a name!

Char. You do not recollect that my brother muſt change *his* name to Allworthy, when he marries you.

Eliza. I forgot—but then he will have an opportunity of dropping his nonſenſe and his name together.

Char. As to the name, indeed, I don't care how ſoon I change it myſelf; yet thoſe words—"I will," are daring and deſperate monoſyllables for a woman to utter, and the origin of half the miſery and evil our ſex is doomed to ſuffer.

Eliza. And that's the reaſon, I conclude, we hammer and heſitate ſo, and are frightened to death, faltering out, in dubious phraſe, and with downcaſt eyes—"I will."

Char. But we contrive to get it out at laſt. A woman heſitates, reſolves, repents, relapſes, *re*-relapſes, and 'midſt many demi-doubts and demi-denials, our vows are ratified; and, finally, by a retrograde motion, after various eccentricities, we become ſtade and ſtationary in the ſign—or conſtellation—of Matrimony—

Eliza. Which, too frequently, has ſome analogy to the ſign of the *Scorpion*, or the *Crab*; and better, ſurely, to remain ſtationary in *Virgo*, than coaleſce with the *crabs*, *ſcorpions*, or *bears*, of this nether world. Yet there is *one* ſign in the zodiac where we reign triumphant. What think you of *Capricornus?*

Char. Huſbands have moſt reaſon to think of that gentleman. But my brother ſays, matrimony is not in his ſyſtem: and he does ſo rail againſt it—like a fleeced client at a fallacious attorney.

Eliza. Rail!—the beſt ſign imaginable!—*(Taking her by the hand.)* I will be your ſiſter-in-law, before this day week.

Char. Then you muſt ſay, Mr. Philoſopher, will you break your plan, and marry me?

Eliza. No—I need not *ſay* ſo: we women have a thouſand winning, winding ways, and can aſk, and anſwer, too, queer queſtions, without ſpeaking a word. What think you of our armory of ſighs, bluſhes, ſignificant looks, and ſoothing flattery, and the reſt of our ſmall-arms and artillery?

Char. A countenance, indeed, like yours, which is all expreſſion, can ſay and ſignify much; but remember, I am to live with you, and do as I like, all day long, till I chooſe to marry, and march.

Eliza. Agreed!

Char.

Char. If any woman can ſucceed, ſurely you will —a young and handſome heireſs, with the art, or rather, the nature, of pleaſing to perfection.

Eliz. Yes, *now*, an heireſs; but, once, you know, I had a ſiſter, the partner of my fortune, and fate.

——We, from one common ſtock,
Together ſprang, which grew, to guard our youth,
Shade and protectreſs of two tender ſhoots.
Oft would our arms, our artleſs arms, outſtretch'd,
Meet, like twin tendrils of one parent vine;
And, thus, whole days we liv'd, and lov'd, and grew,
And, ſmiling, flouriſh'd in a cloſe embrace,
Entwining and entwin'd!

But I won't enter on a melancholy topic, now, as I know, your heart would turn and tremble, and your eyes, too, mingle their tears with thoſe of your friend.

Char. Yet ſweet the tender tears which friendſhip ſheds,
And ſweet thoſe drops, which friendſhip, too, returns:
And, thus, ſo kind our God and Maker is,
So juſt the diſpenſations of his love,
Some balm, ſome conſolation we derive,
Ev'n from our very tears!

But, ſuppoſe we take a walk in the garden, till the horſes are ready, and, there, tell me if you ſeriouſly intend to marry my brother.

Eliza. Seriouſly; now I know ſo much of his purſuits, plans, and philoſophy, I ſhall, ſoon, moor him ſafe, with chains, in the harbour of Matrimony.

Char. To be ſure, the ſyſtem of a philoſopher is but a frail and fanciful bark; yet you have, ſtill, much of his temper and trim to diſcover.

Eliza. Yet, what ſhifts ſo often as wind and whim? But, I ſhall find out his trim, and ſail down Bond-ſtreet, under his convoy.

SONG

SONG—*by* ELIZA.

Do but find out your gentleman's trim,
Do but find out your gentleman's trim;
Then each zephyr that blows,
And each current that flows,
Shall aid you to baffle his ways, and his whim—
When you' ve found out your gentleman's trim.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Garden, with a Green-houſe, an Arbour, Beds of Flowers, &c. &c.—CHARLOTTE *and* ELIZA.

Enter GRAFT *(on the oppoſite ſide), with flowers in his hand.*

Graft. I beg, ladies, to preſent you with bouquets; am happy to be honor'd with your company in my garden: you may gather any thing you pleaſe—ſhrubs, green-houſe plants, fruits or flowers; the virgin's bower, the paſſion-flower, peaches, hyacinths, narciſſuſes, ſweetwilliams, ſweet ſultans, coxcombs, everlaſting, catchflies, *ſkull-caps*, Venus's looking-glaſs, lady's ſlipper, lady's—*chemiſes*, as our neighbour, Mrs. Prim, calls them—ſenſitive plant, love-apples, devil in a buſh, bachelors buttons, Canterbury bells, columbines, true-love, looſe-ſtrife, crow's-foot, or wormwood; and I had, almoſt, forgotten the hellebore, Chriſtmas flower, which reminds me, even in the midſt of ſummer, of a Chriſtmas-box, though I am ſure the ladies will remember the gardener —*now*.

Eliz. You ſeem to have every thing here, my friend, but *thrift*; and, pray, what is your name?

Graft. Kit Graft, Madam, at your ſervice.

Eliz.

Eliz. Craft, did you ſay?

Graft. O! no, Madam; that is my—maſter's name.

Eliz. So I thought, Craft by name, and nature, too, I believe. *(Aſide.)*—However—(*She gives him ſome money—ſo does* Charlotte.)

Graft. And the Imperial crowns were, early in the ſummer, in full vigour and perfection, but ſeem, now, going off faſt; and whether they will ſhow themſelves, next ſeaſon, is very doubtful. They require a great deal of rich ſoil, propping and coaxing, too; and, after all, are but ſhy, and ſhoot like moſt of your exotics. I love our healthy indigenous plants, beſt, I confeſs: as to the aquatics, indeed, they are never known to fail: they are the nobleſt of evergreens. But do, ladies, pray, walk on. You may pick and chooſe. Though, had it not been for our golden rods, our conſtancy, our hearts of oak, our ſnap-dragons, our flags, and our honeſty, the dog's tooth, the ſcabiuſſes, and the tricolors, would have overrun, and deſtroyed, every thing; and there might not have been a flower, now, in this, or any other garden in England.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ELIZA *and* CHARLOTTE *(entering a room at the inn) meet the Waiter, who preſents a bill to* Eliza.

Waiter. You call'd for your bill, ladies, I believe.

Char. No, faith, you are too kind to let us call for any thing—but our carriage, to be gone.

Eliza. (Reads.) "Dinners; ſervants ditto; Madeira; claret; hock; &c. &c. 6*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*"—What! for a dinner we neither ordered nor ate?

Waiter. Indeed, Madam, we thought you ordered it;

it; and—I hope you will pleaſe to give the waiter ſomething: we have been as quick as poſſible.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Yes, always quick enough at a falſehood, I dare ſay. (Eliza *pays the bill, and gives him ſome money.)*

[*Exit Waiter, puſhing in the Chambermaid.*

Chamb. The chambermaid, Madam; I got you the beſt beds in the houſe ready, and had them all well aired, this damp weather, thinking you would pleaſe to ſleep here; or you might have had the ſuit of apartments occupied, laſt night, by Lord and Lady Lifeleſs, and his Lordſhip's ſiſter, Lady Louiſa Lazybones, who are juſt up. We have every thing ready, on this road.

Char. (Aſide.) You have lies enough ready, I am ſure. (Eliza *gives the Chambermaid money.)*

[*Exit Chambermaid, who ſhows the Oſtler the way in.*

Oſtler. The carriage is at the door, Madam; I hope you won't forget the oſtler. Four of the beſt horſes in the kingdom, all freſh, free, and as clean-heeled as any on the Bath road; willing cattle, and willing lads; all prepared to ſtart.

Eliza. (Aſide.) All *prepared*, I ſee, in the ſame note. *(She gives him ſome money.)*

[*Exit Oſtler, ſhowing Boots in.*

Enter Boots.

Eliza. And, pray, who are you?

Boots. I am Bob Bruſh, the Boots, Madam. I hopes you won't go and neglect poor me. I has a hard place of it, and nothing but what the good ladies and gentlemen gives me.

Char. What! you clean the ladies boots, do you?

Boots.

Boots. Oh! yes, Madam, and their clogs, and ſabots, as they calls them; and bruſhes their ſpencers, too.

Eliza. But we have neither boots, clogs, ſabots, nor ſpencers.

Boots. But *(ſcratching his head)*—I am ſure, you might have had them, Madam, if you had pleaſed.

Eliza. And I *might* add verjuice to my vinegar. I think the logic of Mr. Boots reſembles the law and logic of the Commiſſary our Yorick met, at the gate of Lyons, who was to pay for two ſtages, whether he was a traveller by land or water; whether he choſe the rapid Rhone, or the rumbling fiacre, as he *might* go by land—"if he pleaſed." Come, (*giving him ſome money,*) *bruſh off*, Mr. Boots.

[*Exit* BOOTS, *bowing.*

Char. But what were the law and logic of a French Commiſſary, in former days, to the exiſting laws and execrable logic, in this hour of *liberty?*

Eliza. As a day to eternity; or the ſcratch of a pin to a ſlice of a cimeter.

Enter CHATTER, *with ſome Windſor chairs.*

Chat. Three dozen of Windſor chairs, Madam, I think the waiter ſaid. The reſt, ſhall be finiſhed off hand; dark green, I preſume; we paint them all ſo, now. I will ſend them by the waggon, next week. To what part of the country?

Char. Why, you blockhead, this lady lives in town.

Chat. O, Madam! we make more for town, than country. Not a ſtreet, court, or alley, but you ſee my Windſor chairs; and all the ſquares, in London, you know, have been planted with trees, and turned into flower-beds, rural retreats, and ſhady ſhrubberies, where you ſee a variety of

evergreens—and *nevergreens.*---It is ſurpriſing the demand I have for my Windſor chairs.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Faith! if he manufactures half as many Windſor chairs, as Canterbury tales, he will pay profuſely to the income-tax.

Chat. Eighteen waggon-loads went laſt week for the young boarding-ſchool ladies, in Queen Square, Bloomſbury, where they ſit and enjoy a free air from the fields, and a fine view of the Foundling. And—

Char. (Ringing the bell.) Enter Waiter. This *is* too much! Waiter, turn out this chattering chairmaker. For God's ſake, let us begone from ſuch a ſet of impoſtors!

Waiter. (With compoſure.) O, Madam! the man muſt have made a miſtake. It was in No. 2, the ladies ordered the Windſor chairs, to go a long way off; near where father Thames and the ſacred Iſis murmur, and mingle, and are loſt in each other. [*Exeunt* Chatter *and Waiter.*

Char. Come, methinks we have more cauſe to *murmur*, every moment we ſtay here. Theſe fellows are all connected together, like the ſecret committee of a revolutionary club, in a labyrinth of iniquity, and difficult is it for any one, but Satan and themſelves, to find the clue. [*Going.*

An Iriſh Beggar-woman (BET, O'BOTHERUM, O'BALDERDASH) *appears at the window, with a child.*

Bet. Ah, pillelew! pillelew! ſweet Jaſus be with you, my dears. Arrah! and did you call the poor woman? Och, dear! and that you did, I'll engage, now.—Arrah! great God bleſs your ſweet honours: for the love of mercy and little Ireland, do give one tirteener to a poor wandering widow, with nine and twenty fatherleſs children,

who

who would all be motherleſs, too, ſure enough, if it were not for poor Bet O'Balderdaſh herſelf, now, who will ſoon have another, to make the tirtieth.—Ah! by St. Patrick, who preached chriſtianity to our ſouls and bodies too, and I have not, broke a bit of bread, no nor taſted a poratoe either, ever ſince I left my lodgings, at St. Giles's, where I paid tree raps for my bed, and lay twelve bleſſed nights, ſpachleſs, with a ſmothering at my heart.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Faith! I think ſhe has found her tongue, at laſt.

Bet. No, not theſe two long days, that I have been travelling to go to Cork, by water; though ſoon, I hopes, to go by land, indeed, indeed, by my truth, when this little bit of an union takes place, and the two kingdoms are joined in one, d'ye ſee; and, then, we may pace it on foot, inſtead of paying in the packet. Arrah! and I wiſh I were at Cork, now, at the ſign of the Blaſt of Wind, and Golden Grid-iron, and by Jaſus I'd give you a noggin of as good currant whiſkey, as ever Noah's niece drank, when ſhe lived at Carricfergus, or I am no true Mileſian. Then be aiſy, Pat, in oppoſing this union. Blarney for that, be aiſy I ſay!

Char. Why, you are a young woman, to have ſuch a large family!

Bet. Arrah! my dear, but, in Ireland, we always has a brace, and often tree at a time. By gad! children, there, are as plentiful as ſhamrocks, on St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Eliza. Well, well! here is ſomething for you. *(Gives her ſome money.)*

Bet. Ah, long life to you! Good luck to your ſoul, wherever it goes! for the devil a one rap, but two, have I rubbed againſt another, this many a day, ſtrike me with a doldrum, if I have. And

now, my dear *(to* Charlotte)—and have not you got a taſter for poor Bet, O'Botherum, O'Balderdaſh, whoſe huſband ſerved The King fifty years, at home and abroad, and was at laſt *kilt*, in a ſcurvy way, being run over, by a noddy, between Dublin and Drogheda, and was, afterwards, *kilt dead*, by the hoof of the baſte; and, if it were not for my child here, I wiſh, by my troth, I had been kilt dead too. And there was my couſin, Norah, ſhe was ſtruck dim, while ſhe was digging Dungarvan apples, and ſent, ſpachleſs, to plant poratoes, next ſeaſon, in the ſky. And there was my poor ſiſter, Judy—

Eliza. In God's name, how many more relations?

Bet. Who had the chin-cough, too, into the bargain. She died, in cutting her ſecond teeth; and Patrick, O'Daughertie, O'Botherum, O'Balderdaſh, he tumbled off the Giant's Cauſeway into — the Lake of Killarney; and every body knows the Lake of Killarney, and becaiſe why? Becaiſe, ſure enough, every bogtrotter in Ireland has been there; for it is as well known as London Bridge at high water, or the family of the Blunderheads, in England, or the O'Balderdaſhes, in Ireland, both *ould*, and ancient families, before the O'Neals reigned in the North, or Bryan Boro fought at Clontarf. And there was Billy, O'Botherum O'Balderdaſh, he was *drount* croſſing the Liffy, above Eſſex Bridge, in his own ſhip, loaded with brooms and poratoes for North Wales. And I will tell you your fortunes, ladies, and how poor Billy was picked up out of the herring-pond, near the Hill of Howth, by a fiſherman, and *waked* for a whole eight days; and he was as ſtraight as an arrow,

arrow, and made as pretty a corpſe as any was in all Ireland. *(Howling, and pretending to cry.)*

Char. (Giving her money.) Well, but what do you mean by *waked?*

Bet. Waked! arrah! and if you had ever been in Ireland, you would not aſk what *waked* is?—But, true enough, *our wake* is not *your wake*, but more like your *ſleep*. Ah, ſure! and there is ſuch wailing and whiſkey, and weeping over the body; ſuch pillelews, they would do your heart good to hear them. Ah! Pillelew! Pillelew! I am the girl that can give the true pillelew, by Jaſus!

Eliza. Away! away! or we ſhall loſe the teeth out of our heads. *(Going; the Landlord, Waiters, &c. &c. come in bowing low.)*

Cra. I wiſh you a good journey, ladies. I hope you will remember this houſe, when you return.

Eliza. (Drily.) Yes, we will *remember* it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Sir SOBER SYSTEM *and Major* COUNTERGUARD, *but juſt got to the end of the avenue, leading to an old-faſhioned houſe, ſeen in a park, at a diſtance.*

Major C. Come on! come on! for God's ſake, for my ſake, the dinner's ſake. I am as hungry as if I had been loſt, for this laſt week, in the woods of America, living on cranberries and fire-flies. I will allow any thing you pleaſe, in, or out of, reaſon—that men were, formerly, born with tails behind, five cubits in length, or with umbrellas, or firelocks, in their hands; I will not contradict you, for I know you love an argument better than an apple-pie at any time; I agree, it is all

as

as plain as—Corporal Trim's ſtory of the King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

Sir S. As to the ſyſtem of men-monkeys, or monkey-men, I leave that to metaphyſicians, more moody and fanciful than myſelf; yet, I will aſſert that man, in his actions, partakes much of the monkey, being ſly, ſelfiſh, imitative, and malicious; and, when our anceſtors lived in the woods, clothed in the ſkins of beaſts, the race certainly *might* have been croſſed by a ſimea hamadryas, or a dog-faced monkey; and, hence, the monkey, with a naſal promontory, vulgarly called, noſe. You will admit the poſſibility?—

Major C. Oh! yes; if you will admit me into your dining-room.

Sir S. Dining-room! Such men, as you, ever prefer ſenſuality to ſentiment; Epicurus to Epictetus.

Major C. Give me a ſlice of Squire Ariſtippus's philoſophy; I am willing to ſuffer penalties as well as enjoy pleaſures—there's no roſe without a thorn.

Sir S. So much the better; God, in this, as in every thing, has been directly, or indirectly, kind to his creatures; by ſeeming ſeverity, but real love, he has infuſed bitters with our ſweets; he arreſts us in the courſe of our ruinous purſuits, and, in mercy to mankind, has made our exceſſes, not only periſhable, but painful.

Major C. I am glad to hear you, in this age of fancy and infidelity, ſpeak thus of your God. I am a ſoldier, but, thanks to his grace, no atheiſt.

Sir S. What honeſt, what thinking perſon, *can* be? Can man, or memory, remind me of the day that I have doubted, or denied, my Creator? *my* philoſophy, *my* liberty, both, are of the *old* ſchool;

I love, and will ſpeak of them, both: ſound philoſophy, and the liberty of the law, not the lawleſs.

Major C. Why, the words liberty and philoſophy have been ſo abuſed, they are the butt of every fool!

Sir S. Then, I hope, they are ſtrongly poſted; for the hoſt of fools is a numerous hoſt.

Major C. And is that precious part of your ſyſtem, the deſtruction of the paſſions, of the new, or old, ſchool?

Sir S. Be that as it may, it is the fundamental part of my ſyſtem.

Man's mind ne'er tranquil, ne'er repos'd can be,
While he is doom'd to nurture and maintain
Thoſe vicious vipers, paſſions, in his breaſt.
Our paſſions, like wild monſters of the wood,
Are ever lurking in their hiding holes,
Or prowling forth for prey; to tear, or tempt,
The thoughtleſs paſſenger to ſhame, or death.

Major C. And when will you diſcover that theſe very paſſions are an intimate and integral part of our conſtitution, and that it is the buſineſs of philoſophy to regulate, and not ruin, them?

Sir S. Ruin them! No; becauſe they get the ſtart, and ruin us firſt.

Major C. But, if you move on thus, rather as if you were going to a funeral than a feaſt, I am *off*, by ſingle file, and will get the firſt ſtart, and ſteak too, leaving you, and your heavy baggage, your philoſophy, to bring up the rear. But your perverted mind, now, can derive ſatisfaction from nothing—mine, from every thing. I can admire truth, and laugh at falſehood, and enjoy, by turns, ſolitude and ſociety.

Sir S. Society, indeed! And do you call a rude, indigeſted, incongruous, caſual collection of atoms,

an

an unamiable aſſemblage, a fortuitous concourſe of fortuitous bipeds, with the manners of monkeys, and miſnomer of men, *ſociety*? Go into this *ſociety*, and what do you meet? In the country, nothing but petty ſcandal and party politics; vapid truths or vexatious falſehoods; noxious air, noiſe, and nonſenſe; while, in town, you ſuffer in health, honeſty, patience, and purſe.

Major C. Well done!—What! you forget the joys of love?

Sir S. Love, leads to horror, hatred, and horns. Society is, at beſt, but an armed neutrality; and, as our divine poet ſays, "all the world 's a ſtage."

Major C. True; but, on this ſtage, thank God! we have comedies, as well as tragedies. *You* may chooſe the buſkin, I the ſock; you go, with your white handkerchief and wiſdom-worn viſage, to the tragedy, I will take a ticket, and trip, to the comedy.

Sir S. *(Seeming inattentive to what has paſſed.)* Yes, "all the world 's a ſtage."

Major C. I wiſh to God I was at *any* ſtage, where I could get a mutton-chop, or beef-ſteak—ſo, adieu—you may *finiſh* your ſpouting, while I go and *begin* my ſoup. Adieu, Mr. Philoſopher. [*Exit.*

Sir S. *(Walking ſlowly and ſeriouſly on.)* Yes, 't is a ſtage!

Some play the ſtateſman, ſome the tool,
Some the diſſembler play;
Some play the fiddle, *all* the fool,
And, thus, life 's play'd away. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter, on one ſide, Mrs. Arch Gossip, *and a Girl, carrying her pug-dog, and a ſatin cuſhion for him to ſleep on. The dog is dreſſed in a wig of a different colour from that which he appeared in, before, different ribands, &c. To her, on the other ſide, enter* Ragot.

Ragot.

AH! *Madame*; I am glad to ſee you again.

A. Goſ. But, I am ſure, I have not been glad to ſee any thing, ſince I left Hyde Park Corner, except you and the tulip-bed.—Ha! Mr. Ragot?

Rag. Ah! I fear you have hardly recovered de fatigue of de ſtage-coach! *peut-être.*

A. Goſ. (Aſſuming airs.) Pot-eight! I thought you were, *pot-eight*, a little more polite. What! depoſit my ſacred ſelf in the crampt-up corner of one of thoſe dangerous, diurnal, itinerant *we*hicles, *w*ulgarly denominated—*clept*, as the poets would ſay, a ſtage; and to be obliged to go in a hackney-coach, filled with ſtraw and vermin, to *rendezvows* at the White Horſe Cellar, amidſt parcels, porters, returned chaiſes, and returning *ſhabs*—noiſy coachmen and Norfolk turkies. No, I only ſend my cat and my comb bruſher *(pointing to the Girl)* in the ſtage. How can there be any ſatisfaction in ſo multifarious a mixture of ſociety?

ciety? No mutual knowledge, no ſuſceptibility—and, without ſome ſuſceptibility, what is life?—Ha, Mr. Ragot? a ſtage! but you are given to mirth, as the clay-formed mortals call it—to mirth, as the poet of *Miltown* ſays, "in heaven yclept "Euphroſyne."

Rag. Ah! pardon; I know you Engliſh lady-maids live as well, and your *travail* is as good as dat of your miſtreſs.

A. Goſ. Ods mittens! Mr. Ragot, take care what you ſay. We *travel* as well, you mean—thank God, I know nothing of *travail.* Ha! Mr. Ragot? but I muſt tell you, ſuch words as miſtreſs and lady's maid have long been *explourded* from our faſhionable vocabulary. We are known by the ſtyle, title, and dignity of Mrs. Maria, Matilda, Arch Goſſip, and Miſs Elizabeth Allworthy.

Rag. Ah! ten you ſhall be here *clipt* lady, and *no* maid.

A. Goſ. Oh! help! help! If you deal in ſuch double tenders, I ſhall not think myſelf ſafe alone with you. Ha! Mr. Ragot? but I'm ſure you won't affront a lady. Ha! Mr. Ragot!

Rag. But Madame Bobine, Miſs Charlotte's maid—no, by Gar, ſhe no *maid* either.

A. Goſ. Again!—If you go on thus, there won't be a maid in all Berkſhire. Ha! Mr. Ragot? but do you know I have not yet ſeen a dryad, or *humdryad*, fairy, or elfin knight, dancing on the green, or whiſking in the wood; not even a dying ſhepherd. Ha! Mr. Ragot?

Rag. Ah! if Ragot was but one ſhepherd, one *Berger. (Falls at her feet.)*

A. Goſ. Riſe, pray, *Mr. Burgeſs*, for here comes the philoſopher. [*Exeunt; both languiſhing.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Dinner on the table, dumb waiters, &c. Major COUNTERGUARD *ſitting at dinner.* RAGOT.

Major. C. Hot ſoup againſt cold ſoliloquy, at any time. *(To* Ragot.) Come! a tune.

Ragot. (Taking a violin out of his pocket, plays and ſings.)

Ne ſongeons qu'à nous rejouir
La grande affaire eſt le plaiſir *.

Enter Sir SOBER SYSTEM, *ſerious, and repeating:*

Some play the fiddle, *all* the fool;
And, thus, life 's play'd away.

Sir S. (Seizes the fiddle, flings it down, and ſtamps upon it, ſaying) Out! begone! Think you I want catgut with my cauliflowers?

Rag. Ah! *pauvre violon!* Dis is ſome of my maſter's practical philoſophy. [*Exit.*

Major C. You ſee, I am more attached to ſubſtance than ſyſtem. I have half done my dinner, and here is your's—a cruſt of bread, a cauliflower, and lemonade. Come, come, ſome of the roaſt beef of Old England!

Sir S. No; I am neither a carnivorous nor a winebibbing animal. What, though I do ſee fiſh ſwallow fiſh, bird devour bird, beaſt tear beaſt, and man ſlaughter man, I would rather ſojourn with the wild aſſes than ever pollute myſelf again with the meat of animals, manners of the age, ſociety, women, or wine—they are not in my ſyſtem.

* Moliere—Monſ. de Pourceaugnac.

Major C. And all this moody and miſtaken miſanthropy from a wounded ſenſibility, becauſe, early, you ſatiated yourſelf by the exceſſes of a London life; injured your health and fortune; and, the commoneſt of common occurrences, were cheated by an attorney, tricked by your miſtreſs, plundered by *Faro*'s hoſt, and unable to borrow money of your faſhionable friends. Though *you* delight to be ſingular, *I* love all wine, and all womankind.

Sir S. Yes, and all kind women, too, or you are much belied.

Major C. So I'll drink to the fair ſex, and to old Bacchus, the firſt and moſt famous of all vintagers.

Sir S. Yet ſome ſay Noah planted the vine.

Major C. Thank you for the toaſt; here goes to old Noah, and his meſſmates in the ark, pair and pair, bipeds and quadrupeds, from the cooing doves to the crabbed houſe-dogs. But what ſay you to Eliza? ſhe will be here this evening.

Sir S. (Pointing to the door.) Then I will be *there.*

Major C. (Drinking.) Eliza Allworthy! — a more beautiful, ſenſible, engaging girl, there is not in England.

Sir S. I often hear much of the handſomeſt woman, and the handſomeſt horſe, in England. I have not ſeen Eliza ſince ſhe was a giddy girl of fifteen; though, when I was abroad, Charlotte and this *paragon* were inſeparable. She has lived, lately, with her father, in London, that matron of harlots and houſebreakers. Man might be happy, had he reſolution enough to form a ſyſtem of philoſophy, and retire into the country, out of the way of temptation; though, *now*, indeed, there is no temptation I could not withſtand!

Major

Major C. Then you are the firſt man in the world, who could reſiſt *all* allurements.

Sir S. Would I *had* been the *firſt* man! Had I been Adam, there would have been neither ſin, ſorrow, death, deſolation, nor——

Major C. What! no Pandora's box? no bulky budgets? neither treaſon, tax-gatherers, attornies, plagues, priſons, nor—petticoats?

Sir S. As to petticoats, they do not, now, furniſh any *ſubſtantial* matter for complaint.

Major C. I muſt allow, our fair countrywomen are making haſty ſtrides towards a ſtate of primitive ſimplicity.

Sir S. Corruption was an early——

Major C. Oh, for God's ſake, ſtop! or we ſhall have a ſyſtem of ſin and corruption, ſupported by an hundred hiſtorical deductions, ſacred and profane, from the devil and the ſerpent, to the devil and the French revolution. Come, come, take the newſpaper; we generally find ſomething to entertain us in that. *(Gives a newſpaper, which was upon the table.)*

Sir S. Entertain! *(Reading.)* "Yeſterday died "Peter Plunder, Eſq. of Peculation Park. By "arts, as low as his origin, and as vicious as his "heart; by various dark acts of extortion and "iniquity, he had amaſſed an enormous fortune. "He was, by birth, a Catholic, by intereſt, a "Proteſtant, and, by principle, of no religion at "all. The groſſneſs of his manners, announced "the illiberality of his ſentiments; and his me-"lancholy was the ſtrong picture of a diſordered "mind. He was a domeſtic tyrant, and a public "peculator; in proſperity, inſolent and unfeeling; "in adverſity, downcaſt and depreſſed. On his "death-bed, he diſcovered marks of the deepeſt "remorſe;

" remorſe; the reſult, rather, of a guilty and " coward conſcience, than a religious and contrite " heart. A Catholic prieſt, attended to adminiſter " conſolation to him, in his laſt moments."—Humph!

Major C. Bad enough, to be ſure.

Sir S. Ay, that ſtrong cordial, abſolution, I ſuppoſe; ſo he, who, when living, is wicked enough not to believe in God, is, when dying, weak enough to believe in man. Ah! man! man!

See him, proceeding with a proſperous breeze,
And who ſo gay, ſo thoughtleſs, and profuſe?
With eager joy, he ſets each ſwelling ſail,
While his frail bark, in ſafe and ſober trim,
Glides on the ſurface of a ſummer ſea:
But, when the ſtorm and adverſe gales ariſe,
Fearful he views the troubled waves—yet ſtill
How vain is man—inflated, tyrant man,
How weak, how baſe, how turbulent and proud!

Enter RAGOT, *in haſte.*

Rag. Ah, Monſieur! dere be all de ſervants in the houſe in one uproar; all ſay dey will go away directly.

Sir S. (Jumping up.) You go away, you block-head.

Enter ſeveral Servants, all ſpeaking nearly at the ſame time; one ſaying, I will not live with Samuel; *another,* I will not live with James; *another,* And there's no ſtaying in the houſe with the cook; *another,* I will not ſleep this night under the ſame roof with Ragot; *then, (the Dairy-maid,)* The calves are all run mad; the cows are galloping after them; the hedge-hogs may milk them, for me, and the dairy go to the dogs, or the devil. *All the Servants together,* Pay me my wages directly!

Sir S. Begone! begone! I never attend to theſe things.

A Servant. Attend you muſt, or I'll ſue you at the next court, and you ſhall attend there.

All together. And I!

Enter SUMMONS *(a Tax-gatherer).*

Summons. Sir, I am come for the poor-rate, the land-tax, aſſeſſed taxes, income tax, and *(introducing another perſon, who enters)* here is Mr. Surcharge, the ſurveyor; he has ſurcharged you for your horſes, carriages, and ſervants, and—— (Surcharge *preſents a paper to Sir* Sober.)

Major C. And, you ſee how neceſſary it is to reflect a little on ſublunary things.

Sir S. How the devil ſhall I get rid of theſe plagues?

Major C. Pay them, pay them; for delay, be aſſured, is not in *their ſyſtem.* Time, tide, and tax-gatherers, wait for no man.

Enter SIRLOIN, *in a fury, with a large bunch of keys.*

Sirl. Well! old Charon may be your cook, for me. I won't ſtay in your houſe a moment longer. Pay me my wages directly, and provide yourſelf, or I'll go to Juſtice Jumble, immediately. Turn away your French fortune-teller, or provide yourſelf.

Sir S. Take all I have, but out of my ſight; you ought to be aſhamed of yourſelf.

Sirl. Aſhamed, indeed! I may ſay with Alderman Smuggler, in the play, "Aſhamed! O Lord, Sir! I am an honeſt old woman, and never was aſhamed of any thing." No, Sir—*(aſſuming an affected, ſtately air.)*

Sirloin can gain her bread, in any place,
And Sirloin, here, declares it to your face.
A ſcullion firſt, at fifteen years of age,
I waſh'd the diſhes, under Mrs. Sage:
And then, with Mrs. Houſewife, liv'd at Dav'ntry,
And there, alone, was truſted in the pantry.
True to my place, my actions are above board,
Alike in kitchen, and alike in—cupboard.
By theſe bright ſymbols of my truſt *—by theſe,
Here Sirloin ſwears—you doubt?---then---take my keys.

(Sirloin, *flings down the keys, in a violent manner.)*

Sir S. Mercy! mercy! I wiſh the turnkey of Newgate had hold of you.

Major C. Why, Sir Sober, you are only too angry to ſee theſe things with a philoſophic, or even claſſical, eye. When the Romans promulgated the laws of the Twelve Tables, was not every thing enforced by geſture and pantomime? You ſhould conſider your cook as the divorced wife of thoſe ſavage times, who always reſigned her keys, the ſymbols of her authority; but whether ſhe flung them down with ſuch an air and grace, I leave to more able antiquaries to decide.

Sirl. Twelve tables! don't talk to me of your twelve tables—there are not twelve, in the whole houſe—and I wiſh the Romans had kept their tables half as clean as I keep mine. And I was born of honeſt parents, as well as you, and might have been as good a philoſopher, had I choſen to live on pippins and potatoes; yes, my birth, and *genallagy* too, are well known in the three ridings of Yorkſhire. I ſuppoſe, you think I had no father, though few men made more noiſe, in his time.

* Holding up her keys.

Major

Major C. Come, give us a further account of your birth, and parentage.

Sirl. My father was—a trumpeter—at York
My mother liv'd, as cook-maid, at an inn,
The hero came, he ſaw, he, ſmiling, ſaw her,
Saw her, with *greaſe* peculiar, waſhing up
The dirty diſhes, at the ſink—while he,
Cloſe by the fire, in ſilent rapture, ſtood,
And caught the amorous flame---he ſigh'd, he ſpoke—
Returning fondneſs,—bluſhing---ſhe confeſt.
A cloſe-cropt parſon, tied the nuptial knot;---
Ere the tenth moon, a little one was born,
The child, the chopping child, thou now behold'ſt.

Sir S. I wiſh to God your head was *chopt off!*

Sirl. No, thank Heaven, *we* have no national chopping-blocks, no guilotines—chop off my head! No, none of your French cutlets, and cookery!—What! you think we are *publicans*, as in France, where they'd doff a Prince's head, as ſoon as Ned Nick, your groom, would dock a poney's tail. No, no, no! if I have a few ſuperfluous hairs, on my chin, I don't want to be ſhaved by a national razor, not I—and, as I was telling your Ragot—No, ſaid I, Lady Gadabout, I will *not* go to Dieppe; nor to any ſuch pranks, or *publicans*; Old England, is good enough for me. None of your modern-built conſtitutions, which, like your modern-built contract-houſes, tumble down, before they are half finiſhed. Though I am no politician, I know too many cooks ſpoil the broth; and that, when the pot boils, the ſcum comes to the top. And a pretty hotchpotch theſe *publicans* have made, with their atheiſm, rights of man, and traps for man, and poor helpleſs, innocent, girls—like me. But you 'll be ruined, there, before you 'll be righted, with all your rights of man, li-

berty, *quality*, and no quality, either; but all quantity.

Rag. Ah! by Gar, now, you have reaſon, indeed!

Sirl. No, let them cook their trumpery at home, d'ye ſee. And they call'd me ſurly Sue, but what of that? I would not go to Dieppe—no, nor to Havre de Grace, either—I hope I have more grace.—No, my Lady, ſaid I, may all the plagues of Ægypt, and curſes of *Hobadiah*, be doubled on me, if I do—for, Madam, they ſay, the *Rigines*, now, don't comprehend their own language; it is a new dialect; inſtead of calling April, *April*; they call it *Germinal*; and how am I to underſtand German?—And November, is *Brumaire*,—a hair-broom, ſay I, to bruſh away all ſuch fooliſh, flimſy ſtuff.—March, is *Venturſe*—ay, depend upon it, ſuch fellows will *venture* any thing, for their ends; but I won't *venture* to Dieppe, for all that, or to *Callus*, or among any ſuch callous King-killers—to be ſqueezed to death, by a fraternal hug; the firſt Complementary Day—pretty *compliments*, indeed!

Rag. Oui—pretty compliment, in France, *now*.

Sirl. Yes, their compliments, *now*, conſiſt in two words, liberty and equality—and a blow—

Rag. Ah! and, ſometime, de words come before de blow, and, ſometime, de blow before de word.

Sirl. No, ſays I, if I go to Dieppe, I ſuppoſe I muſt jumble on to *Rowen*, and, then, *row on* to Paris, and, then, jolt to *Dijohn*. No—all the Johns may die for me, firſt, and, I, a maid,—if that were poſſible—now—*(aſide)* and ſo, perhaps, be obliged to make the grand *tower*, and return as much improved as after a ſeven year's apprentice-ſhip, in the hold of a hulk. No, ſhut me up in

the Tower, for a traitor, firſt.—And come back to *Verſale*, and ſee every thing put up to *ſale* there, and *Verſale* converted into a bear-garden—and, then, to Paris again, to turn atheiſt and ambler, and go to the federation day, or botheration, or fooleration, I don't know what they ſtyle it—No—I don't like ſuch *newfang'd* jargon—*fang'd*, indeed! I'd rather dance a country dance, with the tigers in the Tower, and truſt to their fangs.

Rag. Ah! by Gar, and I too!

Sirl. No, let me ſee law and juſtice, firſt, for their fangs and fandangos. No, I never cut ſuch capers, my Lady, ſays I—I ſhould not wonder if they marched me to the *Sham de Mar*, and made me a fundamental part of the new French conſtitution.—A ſhame to ſuch ſhams, they deal too much in them. Thus, not a day paſſes but they are cooking their ſham conſtitutions, and cramming their neighbours with them; ſerving them up, as they would three *curſes* and a deſſert.

Rag. Ah! by Gar, as they have *curſes* enough, here, dey will have dere *deſert*, hereafter.

Sirl. And, very likely, Madam, ſays I, they may make me dance to the trumpery tune of *Sarah! Sarah!* or the *Marſilly*, March-away Hymn. No; yet, if they come, we'll baſte, we'll pommel, we've got a rod in pickle for them, here. But, if I go to Dieppe, they may make me repreſent Peace and Plenty, with roaſt beef, in one hand, and plum pudding, in the other. No, I've dreſſed a dinner for the firſt family in the kingdom, in my time, when I lived as cook, at Harford Bridge, and God bleſs them all, ſay I—and I know ſome of them, too, who don't ſhow half as much pride, as many of your toſſabout trollops, at a Windſor fair; or ſome of your faſhionable folks, who are too high bred to be civil—ay, they'll ſtrip me, and

turn me into the Goddeſs of Reaſon; you know they may, for nothing is too comical or *centric* for them; yes, and put me into a Pantheon; no, my Lady, I'd rather clean and poliſh your *pantheon*, and *regiſter* too, and all in Brighton; or I might have been regiſtered, long ago, among their murder'd millions, and put into a Pantheon, too—And ſo—

Sir S. And ſo, my Goddeſs of Reaſon, I'll ſend for a dozen conſtables and turn you out, all together.

Sir. Well, I'll go for the conſtable myſelf; we'll ſee; I am glad I did not go to Dieppe, faith, or I ſhould have been paid my wages in minced *mandats*, or *preciated* petty-fogging *aſſignats*; and, inſtead of pence, in my pocket, have a pike in my pate, and be put into a priſon, or a Pantheon, into the bargain. Now, you ſee, they want Galway, and all the *girls* away; Done*gal*, Portu*gal*, Sene*gal*, and *any* girl, and *every* girl, and won't leave an *honeſt girl*, if they can help it, in all the known world: ſo *(turning to the other Servants,)* I'll fetch the conſtable, and an attorney's letter, too. (*Some ſay*, A conſtable; *others*, An attorney's letter. —Summons *and* Surcharge, You muſt attend the Commiſſioners.)

[*Exeunt, all but Sir* Sober Syſtem, *Major* Counterguard, *and* Ragot.

Major C. (Taking up a pencil, and ſome paper, and drawing ſome figures.)

Sir S. (Turning, and ſeeing him drawing.) What are you about?

Major C. Only drawing a ſketch of the Syſtematic Philoſopher, as an humble companion to the Enraged Muſician, of our inimitable Hogarth.

Sir S. Zounds! how I am peſter'd with fat cooks, idle footmen, and diſaſtrous dairy-maids! Rather than be thus plagued, I would live in a lodging,

lodging, up two pair of ſtairs, not bigger than a beehive, or coalſcuttle bonnet.

Major C. Sit down, you ſee I am a true Engliſhman, and can not, eaſily, quit my beef and bottle. Come, Eliza, in a bumper.

Sir S. *(Sitting down.)* I don't deal in toaſts, now.

Major C. Yes, in toaſts—and water; and that's the reaſon you were ſo cool and compoſed, juſt now.

Sir S. Wine, is not, I ſay, in my ſyſtem.

Major C. Neither is anger; but the cook, or the cat, can put your philoſophy to flight, at any time. Come, though your conſtitution *ſeems* as cold as your half-conſumed cauliflower, I'll take two to one you commit matrimony within the year 1800, and ſit preſident, at another jovial meeting, at the Shakeſpeare; remember "Benedick, the married man."

Sir S. Pſhaw! he was a vain, talkative, truant, and no philoſopher; but, when I do, the Royal George ſhall be taken by a bumboat, and Gibraltar, by a pop gun; and you may compoſe my epithalamium, in doggrel verſe, and ſet it to muſic, to the tune of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, to be ſung, or ſaid, at the corner of every ſtreet.

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* ELIZA—*Sir* Sober Syſtem *ſeems confuſed, looking at the door and windows, to ſee if he can eſcape, but* Eliza *and* Charlotte *ſtand near the door.*

Major C. *(Running to* Charlotte, *and taking her by the hand.)* Welcome home, and you, Miſs Allworthy, welcome; we have been talking of, and toaſting you—

Eliza.

Eliza. (*To Sir* Sober, *who ſeems fixed and loſt in admiration.*) Be aſſur'd, while under your roof, I ſhall be ſorry to interrupt your ſyſtems, purſuits, pleaſures, or even pains, which ſeem to be the reſult of feelings I ſo highly approve of; I am ſomething of a philoſopher myſelf; I love to walk in the ſilent grove, by day, and view the phaſes of the moon, and ſtars, by night. I can ſay, with a great man, "Never leſs alone, than when alone."

On things beyond our reach, on what is paſt,
I moralize and muſe; on things to come,
Doubt and deliberate; from the wayward world,
Safe and ſecluded, in the covert grove
I wander and I walk, or, ſilent, ſit;
And, with ſome ſage of Athens, or of Rome,
In ſtricteſt ties aſſociate, till each ſhade,
Lengthen'd and loſt, reminds me that this life,
An unſubſtantial ſhadow as it is,
Runs, like the ſand-glaſs, in its hour away.—

Sir S. (*Aſide.*) Good God! and is this a woman?

Eliza. Man and marriage, I deteſt and defy—ſociety, (cohabitation) is not in my ſyſtem.

Sir S. (*Eagerly.*) And have you a *ſyſtem* too?

Eliza. Yes, and here is an abbreviation—man, a monkey and a rogue—woman, a trifler, a trouble, and a tattler—ſociety, noiſe and nonſenſe—London, the ſink of ſin, calumny, and corruption—a friend, a rival and our ruin—ſolitude, beſt ſociety—wine, liquid fire — meat, the nouriſhment of carrion crows, and beaſts of prey—enemies, all we ſee, or who ſee us—philoſophy, and a ſyſtem, the only road to happineſs.

Sir S. By Heaven! much of my *own* ſyſtem—happy am I to have my ſentiments confirmed by ſuch an able and eloquent ally: we will be—friends; in *your* ſex, man need not dread a rival; you will never marry, nor will I; you hate man, ſo do I; my ſtudy, houſe, heart—all then, may be

ſafely

ſafely opened to you—yes, *we*, without danger, may be—friends.

Char. (*Aſide to Major* C.) Now, I dare ſay, ſome pretty, Platonic plan, is brewing in his ſyſtematic noddle.

Major C. (*Aſide to* Charlotte.) Could Plato, himſelf, have remained at the freezing point of friendſhip, with ſuch a woman?

Sir S. Yes, we may, occaſionally, meet, but ſociety, cohabitation, you know, is not in our ſyſtem.

Eliza. But I will not detain you, from your philoſophic purſuits.

Sir S. (*Aſide.*) What am I about?—we may more eaſily avoid *ſome* evils, than ſubdue them. Yes, I *will* go to my philoſophic purſuits.

[*Exit, haſtily; but looking earneſtly at* Eliza. Ragot *follows.*

Char. There's a way of taking leave—what an ungain, ungallant gander, my good brother is!

Eliza. No! Only the extreme of Spaniſh politeneſs; he means to ſay to me, "I leave you miſtreſs of the houſe"; no ceremony, no obliging you to go out firſt, leſt you ſhould purloin ſomething. He ſhall ſerenade me, in the Spaniſh faſhion, ere the week has paſſed.

Char. Well, you have a happy way of turning every thing to your own advantage.

Eliza. Nothing like fighting people with their own weapons. You ſhould talk to every one in an appropriate language.

Major C. Never fear, we ſhall have him yet, though he did move off—like a frightened hare from her form.

Eliz. Or a ghoſt, at the ſmell of the morning air.

Char.

Char. Yes, and like a ſtricken deer, if I miſtake not.

Eliza. (*To Major* C.) You ſee I began by ſeizing his own batteries, and turning them againſt himſelf.

Major C. You may truſt to your own artillery; or can, at any time, ſpring a mine, and blow his ſad and ſolitary ſyſtems into the air.

Eliza. Now I have made my landing good, I muſt contrive to clear the outpoſts of thoſe lurking enemies, fourneſs and ſeverity, with the light troops.

Major C. No one commands a better corps of ſharp-ſhooters; lively wit, true humour, and grave irony form but a part of your battalion of riflemen.

Eliza. And, if I want any reinforcements, I will borrow the attornies' corps, for they have been, for a long time, ſignalized as the moſt expert "riflemen" of the age; but I truſt we ſhall not want their aſſiſtance till the laſt, till the garriſon ſurrenders, or at leaſt has beaten a parley.

Char. Then, I ſuppoſe, they muſt be called in, to draw up the articles of capitulation, in due order; we muſt have ſtamps, ſeals, ſignatures, dates and deliveries; but I hope you know, that, with theſe gentlemen, you muſt pay a long bill for a ſhort parley.

Eliz. Yes, every body, who knows them, knows that.

Enter RAGOT, (*croſſing the Stage.*)

Char. Well, what has brought you back?

Rag. My maſter ſend me for his large teleſcope.

Char. Why, he has more teleſcopes than I have curl-papers, or band-boxes.

Major C. Yes, they are like a park of artillery,

or

or the Warren, at Woolwich; he has them, from a graſs-hopper, to a two and thirty pounder.

[*Exit* Ragot.

Char. (*To Major* C.) We ſhall enliſt you in our tea party.

Major C. How could I enliſt in a pleaſanter party?

Eliza. So, you are promoted to a Majority, and are ſoon to join your regiment, abroad?

Char. We will not talk of that, now, for the very thought is a thorn in my breaſt.

Eliza. No, the Major is too gallant to plant a thorn there, much leſs to let it rankle and remain.

SONG—*by Major* COUNTERGUARD.

What! plant a thorn within that breaſt,
That breaſt, the ſeat of love,
What! Heaven! diſturb my Charlotte's reſt,
And Henry cruel prove?

No, hear this truth, this tender truth,
(And to thy heart 't is known,)
Sooner he 'd plant, in prime of youth,
A dagger in his own.

Eliza. Come! come! I thank you for your ſong, but I'll have no ſtorming or ſtabbing—ſo, to tea, to tea! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sir SOBER SYSTEM, *thoughtful, and walking ſlowly.*

SCENE—*The Garden.*

Sir S. If, with all the beauty of Eliza, a ſimilarity of ſyſtem and ſentiment ſhould *really* prevail,—yes, we might, then, live together—by ſyſtem—not as a modern, matrimonial pair; but, by ſyſtem,

and read the dialogues of Plato—Platoniſm, is, undoubtedly, included in my ſyſtem—if—

Rag. (Putting out his head from behind a tree.) "Plato, thou reaſoneſt well."

Sir S. If not, in ſo many words, in ſo many ſyllables—or, if not in ſo many ſyllables, yet, in ſo many letters; and how could I have ſtudied Plato ſo deeply and duly, and not found out that, before? Yes, Peter—phaw! Pe—phaw! phaw! "*Plato*, thou reaſoneſt well, elſe why this longing after"—What?

Rag. (Again.) Yes—"Plato, thou reaſoneſt well," but me ſhall ſoon ſee if my maſter is longing after *mortalité*, or *immortalité*: Yet Monſ. Peter againſt Monſ. Plato, two to von—by gar—

Sir S. (Striking his breaſt.) "Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit."—

Man's paſſions ſlumber, but they do not ſleep—
Sound an alarm, alert, they fly to arms;
Nor yield they, ſoon, to ſtratagem, or ſtrength.
Subdu'd, theſe rebels rally and return
Freſh to the charge, and freſh deſtruction make—
Strong in their birth, they tempt their eagle flight,
Prepar'd, or ſound, or ſenſe, or ſelf to fight.
All friendly counſel mock they, or deſpiſe,
As fact, or fancy, fatal fuel plies—
Careleſs of future good, or preſent pains,
Nor reſpite know, while tepid life remains.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Eminence, in the Park; a Wood, at a diſtance, in the Eaſt. The heavens, at the break of day, repreſented. Sir SOBER SYSTEM, *with a teleſcope, looking at the ſtars.*

Sir Sober.

HEAVEN! what a glorious ſight! Yet half the world,
In mimic death, and tranſitory dreams,
Still ſlumbering, waſte their fleeting hours away.
See Venus ſhines, reflected, in the Eaſt;
Venus, the certain harbinger of day.
Now the ſun's rays, refracted, widely ſpread
Their orient beams, upon our parent earth.
Now fades the twinkling of each minor ſtar—
Ah! pale, and yet more pale, ye grow; perhaps,
Still bright, ſtill glorious to your proper ſpheres.

(ELIZA *enters, unſeen by Sir* Sober.)

Now joyous landſcapes riſe, and fancied forms;
Enchanting pictures float amidſt the clouds,
Of damaſk ſome, and ſome of azure blue.
Impurpled with the bluſhes of the morn,
In dazzling drapery deck'd, the gilded ſky
Its gayeſt garb aſſumes, of various hues.
All nature ſmiles, complacency ſerene,
In ſweeteſt verdure cloth'd; the ſighing gales
Breathe gently, and each infant, babbling brook,
Flows, in harmonious conſonance, to tempt
The mind, contemplative, to ſerious thought.

(*Sir* Sober *ſeems loſt in meditation.*)

Eliza. (Aſide.) Why not, to be brief, quote Hudibras, and, in few words, inſtruct us by the ſimile of the lobſter, turning from black to red? Now we have only to ſuppoſe ourſelves in London, in the midſt of winter, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, then, we might ſay,

All Bond Street buſtles, noiſe and dirt divine,
Pall-mall, St. James's, Piccadilly too;
In gayeſt drapery deck'd, coach chaſes coach;
While beau, encountering belle, and belle, the beau,
Meet, in harmonious conſonance—to tempt.

But here, I believe, I muſt ſtop—

(Now the ſun begins to riſe magnificently.)

Sir S. But ſee the God of day! firſt his curv'd edge,
Fixes the thoughtful and attentive mind;
Yet, ſtill, his long-expected rays, at once
Puzzle the eyeballs, and perplex the ſight,
Now half his fiery orb appears—Ah! more,
He ſtill increaſes, and arreſts the ſoul—
Now, extricated from yon glimmering wood,
He ſhows his broad, benign, and bluſhing face,
In glorious, golden majeſty, arrayed;
Still, as he riſes 'bove his eaſtern hill,
The particles of light diffuſe, and travelli'ng,
Than thought, ten thouſand, thouſand times more fleet,
Rouſe up the weſtern labourer from his bed—
Fix'd to the ground, I ſeem; yet the full eye,
Obſcur'd and wet with tears, muſt ſeek relief,
From the bright luminary.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Ay, in Bond Street, we might ſee many a bright luminary—many a Mars, and Venus, attractive and erratic too.—

Sir S. Yet once more, once,
Let me, with mortal eye, and mortal ſenſe,
Seek thee, immortal; turn, ah! once more, turn,
Admiring thy beneficence, O God!

In

In praiſe, in gratitude, and wonder loſt.
Can man's imagination e'er conceive
Myriads of ſuns, and myriads more of worlds,
In one, reſiſtleſs, infinite expanſe,
Rapid in motion, yet in motion calm,
Rolling, harmonious, through th' ethereal plain?
Can he? Yet doubt *one* God, one *only* power,
Omniſcient, omnipreſent, great and good:
Two, might have marr'd the uniſon of all.
What wanton, wild confuſion had they made;
World, juſtling world, in dreadful, dire array;
Iſlands and continents aſunder torn;
All ſymmetry, all harmony had fail'd;
And that *connexion*, which the thoughtful mind
Views as conviction, cauſes and effects,
Which riſe in judgment 'gainſt the Atheiſt's rules,
All, all might, then, have fail'd, and doubt remain'd.—
Yet, ſtill, ſome miſt, man's piercing eye obſcures:
Still ſage philoſophy, ſtill reaſon fails:
Still darkneſs intercepts all human view—
WHAT the *hereafter*, ſtill eludes our ſearch.

Eliz. Well now, ſhall I "*intercept his view*" or not? No, as he does not profeſs atheiſtical philoſophy, and I do not repreſent the Goddeſs of Reaſon, I will not; beſides, he has not finiſh'd yet.

Sir S. (Kneeling.) O God! thy will, thy will divine,
reveal!
And ſoften, THOU! this ſtubborn heart of ſteel,
Show me the path, the broad, the ſacred way;
My faults correct, my wandering footſteps ſtay,
Omnipotent!—enforce thy wiſe decree;
Teach me to honour, love, and follow thee.
But ſpare; O! ſpare! a wretched mortal's ſin,
Cleanſe thou my heart, and every thought within.
Inſpire my ſoul! O! teach me how to live,
And, dying, praiſe to Thee, to Thee, MY GOD, to give.

Eliza. (Aſide.) This is a man of ſound ſenſe, heart, and religion,—a poet, too; ſoon ſhall the melancholy marks of meditation, eraſed from his brow,

brow, be converted into the ſparkling ſmiles of love; and, ere the ſun is an hour high, he ſhall preſent me with a "ballad, made to his miſtreſs' eyebrow!"

Sir S. (Turning, and ſeeing Eliza, *ſtarts, exclaiming)* What do I ſee? a viſion deſcending from heaven!

Eliza. No, nor a ghoſt retreating from earth; but a mere mortal, inhaling a little morning air, and, though happy to meet Sir Sober, ſorry to interrupt his meditations, and turn them, from divine, to human, objects.

Sir S. By heaven! ſuch an object cannot be merely human.

Eliza. (Aſide.) That was a fair trap, and has fairly taken—Victory! the taliſman is broken—again.—You aſtronomers, muſt have infinite pleaſure in extricating the ſenſes from corporeal objects, and contemplating the works of the Creator. I have, often, envied you; but, above all things, I ſhould rejoice to hear the muſic of the ſpheres—though, they ſay, it is not to be diſtinguiſhed by mortal ears.

Sir S. (Warmly.) But an angel!—

Eliza. (Aſide.) I have him. Such a compliment, with a particle of gallantry in his compoſition, was too obvious.—Once more. What was that ſtar which preceded the day, and ſeemed, for a time, to defy the ſun himſelf?

Sir S. That was Venus.

Eliza. Poor Venus! ſhe muſt be much mortified to have her beauty thus eclipſed!

Sir S. Yes! and by an object ſo much more divine.

Eliza. (Aſide.) Ay! he comes on nobly! There 's no ſtar called Adonis, is there?

Sir

Sir S. Not that I know of, in either hemiſphere.

Eliza. Was not that cruel, in the ancient aſtronomers, not to give Venus a deſerving aſſociate? Yet, perhaps, you think her more happy and independent, when ſingle. But there is no ſuch thing as independence, in this, or in the globes we ſee around us—worlds, are balanced by worlds, and, like the connexion of all human creatures, and all human ſocieties, ſome muſt be great, and ſome ſmall, each being neceſſary to the exiſtence and harmony of the whole, receiving and imparting mutual aid, ſupporting and ſupported, limiting and limited, dependant and depending on, one another; and, believe me, thoſe who aſſert the contrary, in *any* ſyſtem, muſt begin by deceiving ſimpletons, and themſelves; and end by deſtroying nature and ſociety.

Sir S. (Aſide.) My ſenſes are confuſed! *(To* Eliza.) But, were I to change my opinions, ſhould I not be deemed viſionary and verſatile?

Eliza. You will only be yourſelf again.—No man, who, *honeſtly*, revokes falſe opinions, or falſe principles, can be culpable in the eyes of God, or man—nothing more ſubject to doubt, diſeaſe, and decay, than opinion. Beſides, wiſdom is, ſometimes, moſt wiſe when moſt verſatile; and, ſhe, like Nature herſelf, appears moſt changeable, when moſt ſteady.

Sir S. Should I abjure my ſyſtem of ſolitude and independence?

Eliza. Why, through life, the preſent is little leſs than a commentary and criticiſm on the paſt—Nay, corruption and regeneration, ſeem to be a neceſſary part of the ſyſtem of the univerſe.

The air we live to breathe, and breathe to live,
Acts as the great corrupter; and the earth,

From which our forms are faſhion'd, in her turn,
Again demands her duſt—for, duſt we are,
And muſt to duſt—an awful truth—return.
The ſun himſelf 's a parricide, the leaves,
The fruits, the flowers, his potent beams produce,
His potent beams deſtroy; and man himſelf,
Lives but to die, and dies, again to live.

Sir S. (Aſide.) By Heaven! I ſtagger, I am loſt!

Eliza. But you, no doubt, are better acquainted with theſe things, than I am. They, ſurely, are a part of your ſyſtem. You muſt know the power of attraction, at leaſt.

Sir S. (With gravity.) Yes, I know it.

Eliza. And are you ſure you do not *feel* it? *(Walking about, during which time Sir* Sober *follows her, eagerly, with his eyes.)* There 's attraction! Why, your eyes are as fixed and true, as the needle to the pole. There, now I have proved to you, what Newton never thought of, that woman is an attractive loadſtone, and man an obedient needle; and that we can draw, influence, fix and faſten him, as we pleaſe; and all this, by what I call, in *my* ſyſtem, a phyſical neceſſity, at the moment of his birth. But, I am told, you were, once, in love.

Sir S. I own it—once had I a paſſion, a gay and guilty one. *In* guilt it began, and *with* guilt it was repaid.

Eliza. Yes! yes! you were rewarded in your own corrupted coin. Theſe ladies, generally know better how to pay in kind, than in kindneſs. Yet, I dare ſay, ſhe ſwore to love you as long as ſhe lived.

Sir S. Yes, and to live only as long as ſhe loved.

Eliza. I can gueſs the reſt. You have been generous,

generous, and deceived; but let not that contract your heart: you have formed a ſyſtem, and will, I ſee, break it; but, a plan above reaſon, and the laws of nature, is diſſolved by Reaſon and Nature; ſo, let theſe two ladies adjuſt that matter between them—you ſtand acquitted;—but you are candid.

Sir S. I will be more ſo. Long, long, has this heart, this wounded heart, ſilently panted after a partner and partaker of its feelings, and fondneſs; an accompliſhed woman, of ſenſe, virtue, ſentiment, and ſenſibility. Often have I heard you were every thing the livelieſt imagination could paint, but, 'till laſt night, treated that fair report as fooliſh and fabulous. My ſyſtem, was, then, ſhaken to its centre; it is, now, ſhattered to atoms—but my ſyſtem always had a re——

Eliza. I ſuppoſe a *re*ſerve—yes, a fold in the ſyſtem; a corner, for the ſex. Man may as well attempt to exclude us from a part in a plot, as a place in his heart. But love at firſt ſight! in a philoſopher too! impoſſible!

Sir S. Not only poſſible, but true!

Eliza. But I may be engaged. Lord! I have had an hundred admirers. I have a train, in Town, as long as the train of the great comet; always a beau, of each ſpecies, in waiting: firſt, I have a fool to laugh at—that, you know, is eaſily had: then, a coxcomb, to dangle with—(that animal is not difficult to find, either), and to call my carriage; beſides a variety of faſhionable flycatchers, becauſe they—*are* faſhionable; made more for pages to hold my train, for a day, than partners, to hold my heart, for life. If I marry, I will marry a man of ſenſe, honour, and ſentiment, one who can govern himſelf, and—will not attempt to

govern me: and, if not with philoſophy enough to conquer his paſſions, with diſcernment to direct them to their proper object—myſelf.

Sir S. What is more worthy of adoration, than perfection? *(Falling at her feet.)*

Eliza. I would rather you paid me that compliment ten years hence; but riſe, my fond philoſopher, and recollect you are not only declaring yourſelf my admirer, but the accompliſhed man, I have juſt deſcribed.

Sir S. I acknowledge myſelf preſumptuous, even when kneeling at your feet. *(Riſes.)*

Eliza. Yes, yes, I know your ſex well; you act humility, when you feel confidence; profeſs the moſt, when you experience the leaſt: and kneel, with ſeeming ſubmiſſion, when you expect to be exalted to the higheſt poſts of honour.

Sir S. Whatever my expectations, never did I hope to find ſuch a woman as yourſelf. *(Attempting to take her hand.)*

Eliza. To *find!* why, you have found me, before I was loſt. Stop a little; recollect, I am not your property, yet. What! as lord of the manor, you mean to take me, under the deſcription of treaſure-trove; but, remember, I am living fleſh and blood, and not buried gold or ſilver—or put me into the pound, with the vagrant cattle—or ſecure me, as an eſtray colt. But, if one of the King's ſheep cannot be claimed, as an eſtray, ſurely one of his ſubjects cannot.

Enter Major COUNTERGUARD, *and* CHARLOTTE—*Sir* Sober, *when he ſees them, ſeems confuſed.*

Major C. (*To* Charlotte.) I ſaw him, at her feet. (*To Sir* Sober.) Ay, ay, you have diſcovered a

new planet. You philoſophers, are the moſt fortunate men in the world; you converſe with divine objects, taking a wide range through ether, to the empyreal ſphere, to the heaven of heavens, while we are confined to mother earth, and mortal ſenſe. Was this conjunction of planets, according to the ſyſtem of chance and neceſſity, or liberty and free agency?

Eliza. (*To* Charlotte, *aſide.*) We muſt let down your brother, the balloon philoſopher, gently, from his aërial ſyſtem.

Char. (*Aſide.*) Yes, for he has a great deal of gas yet, I believe.

Major C. (*To Sir* Sober.) Why, you are ſilent this morning.

Sir S. Better be wiſely ſilent, than fooliſhly loquacious.

Major C. Sir Minor Witling, ſays, gravity is no ſign of ſenſe.

Sir S. Remind him, that vivacity is no proof of wit: he may be "Sir Oracle" in his own ſphere, and Sir Owl out of it.

Major C. (*Laughing at Sir* Sober, *and imitating him, kneeling.*) Shall I tell you the morning news? —It is currently reported, you are turned Catholic; that you riſe at matins, and confeſs your faults; ſome ſay, you do not forget the fair Eliza, in your oriſons; others, that ſhe is your auricular confeſſor; and that, after an ample detail of all your ſins, againſt Hymen, grace, and gallantry, ſhe has promiſed you final abſolution.

Char. Why, you look ſo grave and grievous, one would imagine you had been anathematized and excommunicated, inſtead of being received a catechumen, with hopes of initiation, into the holy community of Benedicks. Well! though your

body may remain in chains, I will give you ſomething for a maſs, to pray your ſoul out of purgatory.

Major C. If we were to reſcue him from the depth of love, I do not believe he would, willingly, pay much for ſalvage.

Sir S. (Aſide.) I ſee I am detected.

Char. Why, here is Eliza, waiting for you to attend her to breakfaſt.

Eliza. Yes, yes; he has promiſed to drink coffee with us this morning. Come, come, to breakfaſt! to breakfaſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Wood; CHARLOTTE, *ſitting, under a tree. Enter Major* COUNTERGUARD *muſing, and not perceiving her.*

Major C. Shall I, or ſhall I not, ſolicit her to accompany me? Yes, I will; yet a long and tempeſtuous voyage!

Since woman, dear woman, and love, can impart,
Each ſpring, and each balm, and each bliſs to the heart,
And ſince ſhe can breathe fragrance on each little flower,
Which blows in life's garden, yet fades ere the hour;
Since ſhe, only ſhe, can each ſorrow remove;
Ah! why thorns lie conceal'd, 'midſt the bloſſoms of love?

Char. (Coming out, while he is repeating the above) ſings—

Since fate calls thee hence, ah! let Charlotte purſue,
That fate; and thy fortune, or truant or true:
The boiſterous, broad-boſom'd ocean explore,
While rudely the blaſt and the billows ſhall roar.

And

And ſince woman, 't is woman alone, can impart
" Each ſpring and each balm, and each bliſs to the heart,
And ſince ſhe can breathe fragrance on each little flower
Which blows in life's garden, yet fades ere the hour,"
Take this hand—it is thine—and ſhall, gently, remove,
Each ſharp-pointed thorn from the bloſſoms of love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Kitchen. SIRLOIN *and* RAGOT. *Bell rings violently.*

Rag. Ah! by Gar, it is plain my maſter is mad!

Sirl. Mad! you fool! he has only ſtumbled into love—like Corporal Trim, in a ſeſſerara.—Why, he looks as if he had got St. Vitus's dance; or had been bitten by a tarantula; and 't is Miſs's muſic alone, which can cure his madneſs, I believe. *(Bell rings again.)*

Sir S. (Calling, loudly, from within.) Breakfaſt! breakfaſt!—haſte—tea, coffee, chocolate, fruits, flowers! every thing which nature can ſupply, or art invent!

Sirl. Come, haſte, you ſkipper.

[*Exit* Ragot, *driven out by* Sirloin.

Sirl. Ay, Miſs has the money, and I ſhall not better myſelf, therefore I'll e'en go and *pologize*, and take my keys again: a new-married couple, have no time to attend to their family, ſo I will manage it, to their intereſt—and, it will be the firſt time in my life, if I am fool enough to forget my own. That will be preferable to going to a new place, or to—Dieppe, either. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Breakfaſt-room. ELIZA, CHARLOTTE, *Major* COUNTERGUARD—*Sir* SOBER SYSTEM, *better dreſſed, and appearing cheerful.*

Char. (*To Sir* Sober.) I am glad to ſee you have exchanged your ſtrait waiſtcoat, for a ſtriped one.

Major C. Why, you look as awkward, and unlike a man of this world, as one of the ſound ſleepers of Epheſus, juſt riſen from a noble and noiſeleſs nap, of I know not how many years.

Eliza. And, before you have any breakfaſt, I inſiſt that you put on this, and ſwallow theſe pills, (*taking out ſome pills, and a maſk.*) The pills, are all gilt, and contain an abbreviation of your ſatires and ſyſtem. They will coſt you nothing, but a few wry faces. Come, come, you may do the deed firſt, and confide in your own aſſurance and ingenuity, for the defence of it, afterwards.

Sir S. Are you, really, in earneſt?

Eliza. Really: and, if you heſitate, I will have your whole ſyſtem copied out, and converted into a fool's cap, and you ſhall wear that.

Major C. But why the maſk?

Eliza. I inſiſt on the maſk, as a neceſſary part of the paraphernalia. (*Putting on the maſk, which nearly falls off.*) Stop a little! ſtop a little! Well! (*taking one of the pills,*) firſt, here is that little ſong, "Woman's affections quickly veer." This is made as biting and bitter as poſſible, and, poſitively, ſhall be taken, as a preliminary to peace. (*Sir* Sober *ſwallows it.*) Then, come the groſs parts of your ſyſtem, ugly, cumberſome, and wrapt up in a leaf of Lord Cheſterfield's Letters, to promote digeſtion. Come. (*Sir* Sober *takes that with*

with difficulty.) Well! now, all will be eaſy. Next is your conſiſtency; that, you ſee, is not very bulky, and is gilt; ſo. *(Sir* Sober *ſwallows it.)* To conclude, here is your conſcience, which, you may obſerve, is ſmall indeed, and doubly gilt. *(Sir* Sober *ſwallows it.)* It does not even ſtick in his throat—gone, in a moment—no choking!

Char. Why, you have not offered one excuſe for yourſelf.

Sir S. (Pointing to Eliza.) Have I not a living witneſs in court, pleading for me? And, indeed, if ſuch pills would choke, or poiſon, a fine addition would be made, annually, to the bills of mortality. And, pray, is it not better to live, by eating our words, than ſtarve, by eating our nails? Nay, it is ſurpriſing to ſee how fat and ſleek people look, on ſuch a regimen.

Char. Yet this regimen has, often, been known to alter a perſon's face moſt confoundedly.

Eliza. Ay, faith, and the face of his friends, too.

Major C. Methinks, then, it muſt be a dangerous diet, for it will make a man turn red, green, and, in ſome caſes, quite blue.

Sir S. After all, words are but ſound, and ſeldom ſenſe; therefore, he who ſwallows words, does not, neceſſarily, ſwallow wiſdom. You make a great piece of work, indeed, about a man eating his words; why, in London, where every ſpecies of ingenuity is exerciſed for an exiſtence, ſome live by their monſtrous craws, ſome by their monſtrous conſciences; ſome, by a ſcrape of a fiddle, ſome, by a ſcramble at a faro-table. Many, feed the empty vanity of their patrons, that they may feed their own empty ſtomachs. Some live by lectures on heads, ſome, by lectures on humanity; the

the propagation of anarchy and atheiſm; tacit obedience, and invariable oppoſition: ſome, by the lightneſs of their heels; ſome, by the hardneſs of their hearts: ſome, by the ruin and proſtitution of others; ſome, by the proſtitution of themſelves.

Eliza. Why, you are not quite ignorant of the world, I ſee.

Sir S. I know, we have not only profeſſional ſtone-eaters, but profeſſional word-eaters, word-catchers, word-clippers, word-coiners, and common utterers, *malo animo*, knowing them to be baſe and counterfeit; word-eaters, now, all over the kingdom, are as numerous as reſurrection-men, in Town; common informers or common proſtitutes; coiners, lumpers, mud-larks, or morocco-men.

Char. Let word-eating thrive, ſay I; for what traffic brings a quicker, or more certain, return?

Sir S. None; and you may, yourſelf, furniſh the raw materials; work them up into ſentences; arrange them in the brain, or book, and they become, immediately, articles of commerce. Though not money, they repreſent money; they are productive, and reproductive; productive, in the form of a pamphlet or oration, and reproductive, in the ſhape of a job, or a contract. They are, always, vendible, in London, or Weſtminſter, for real, or perſonal; long, or ſhort, annuities. They are current at the Bank, and the India Houſe, and may be converted into ready rupees, or leſs ready reverſions; bonds, lottery tickets, 3 per cents. omnium, or ſcrip.

Char. After all, then, this diſſertation on word-eating ſeems very immaterial; for I know of but two ſubſtances, material and immaterial; words, certainly, are not of the material kind; then they, as certainly, muſt be of the immaterial, which is

as

as plain as "what is not proſe, is verſe, and what is not verſe is proſe."

Eliza. Ay, ay; you ſee what a noiſe is often made about nothing.

Sir S. Yes, abſolutely nothing; for words are not things; as money is not riches, but only the ſign of riches. Thus, he who eats words, words not being things, eats nothing; and, as nothing can come from nothing, no diſgrace can come from eating words.

Eliza. Here, too, is the old aſſertion, *that words are irrevocable*, falſified, for, they cannot only be recalled, but, by a ſimple and well-known proceſs, recoined, reſtamped, reburniſhed, and, mixed with a due proportion of alloy, returned into circulation, at the medium price of the day.

Char. After all, then, this is a mere verbal diſpute, and has produced a great deal of volubility about nothing. *(Sir* Sober's *maſk falls off.)*

Sir S. So, then, your laugh will end, as many laughs begin, in nothing.

Eliza. I, however, may laugh by preſcriptive right; for, thoſe who adminiſter the doſe, are, always, the firſt to ſmile at the effects of their own medicine.

Major C. Word-eating, may be nothing; but prefix the letter *ſ*, and it would be the devil to digeſt; it would become a republican ragout indeed—it would be *ſword*-eating.

Eliza. That ragout, honeſt John Bull, I am ſure, never will have to ſwallow.

Major C. God forbid! for I am convinced he never *could* digeſt it. *Now* it is come to this; we are all concerned; every perſon, who has a hand, leſt it ſhould be chained; a heart, leſt it ſhould

be corrupted; and a guinea, leſt it ſhould be plundered; ſo—I will ſing you a ſong.

SONG.

While peace is ſubmiſſion, and friendſhip is death,
Rather riſk our laſt pound, and reſign our laſt breath.
Spite of arms, ſpite of arts, we ne'er can be ſlaves,
While GEORGE rules the land, and Britannia the waves.

Sir S. Well! well! we will diſcuſs the ſubject of peace and war, when a more favourable opportunity occurs.—However, I am glad this word-eating buſineſs has ended in a ſong.

Eliza. Yet it begins, and ends too, frequently, like a *dance*, and nothing more plain or practicable than the figure: it may be rehearſed in the morning, and performed in the evening; firſt, *balancé*—then, join hands—caſt off—croſs over—change ſides—figure in—follow the leader—right hand and left.

Enter SIRLOIN, *ſwallowing ſomething.*

Sirl. All gone! all gone! I've ſwallowed the warning I gave; ſo, Sir, *(pointing to her throat,)* here's my *pology*. I'll ſwear never to behave ſo again; and I thought I could not come more apropos—for you have ſcarcely had time to digeſt your *own* breakfaſt, yet.

Sir S. Ay! ſhe will ſwear too. In theſe days, nothing is to be done, in France, without a doſe of atheiſm; in England, without a dozen of oaths—judge of us by our oaths, and we are the moſt religious and orthodox nation in the world.

(RAGOT *croſſes the ſtage, playing, and ſinging.)*

Char. Well! let us have the fatted calf killed.

Major C. And I will bid our neighbours to the feaſt,

feaſt, and take care to moiſten the Baronet's clay with ſome of the beſt Burgundy in the cellar. This night, the houſe ſhall be rebaptized, and, inſtead of Philoſopher's, ſhall be known by the name of Fuddler's, Hall. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An elegant Temple, in the Garden, adorned with flowers, as are, alſo, the borders; the trees, are lighted with lamps.—Sir SOBER SYSTEM, *Major* COUNTER-GUARD, *and other Company, after ſupper. Somebody is heard ſinging—*

"One bottle more, one bottle more,
And a wipe of ſhelelah brings—*twelve* bottles more."

Sir Sober.

AY, ay; bring twelve—twelve bottles more.

Major C. Come, this is a bumper—Eliza Allworthy.

Sir S. With all my heart—a bumper. *(Sir* Sober *gets up, and ſtaggers.)*

Major C. If he ever, again, relapſes, exchanging beauty and Burgundy, for ſyſtems and ſadneſs, I am no true Engliſhman. *(To Sir* Sober.) I have often heard you run on, for half an hour, in your deadly definitions of man—What is your definition, now? animated with a bottle or two of generous wine?

Sir S. (Staggering.) Why man--man is a ſtagg--ſtaggering animal—man is a boo—booz—boozing animal—man is a wine-bib—bibbing—animal—a punch-making animal—a cork-drawing animal.

Major C. And, you will ſoon find, I truſt, an indenture-drawing animal. *(Imitating Sir* Sober's *manner.)*

Sir S. Man is a hic—hic—hiccoughing animal; a ſyſtem-making animal.

Major C. Ay, and ſyſtem-*breaking* animal; ſo, no more definitions, but ſit down again, for we are going to have a dance.

Enter ſeveral People (Men and Women) clad as ruſtics, with chaplets of roſes, &c. They ſing, and dance, and crown Sir Sober.

SONG.

1ſt Ruſtic (female).

Here, within this arching bower,
Sweet vies with ſweet, and flower with flower.
Here, the gay enamell'd ground
Laughs, and ſpreads its fragrance round.

2d Ruſtic (female).

Wear, within this gladſome grove,
Crowns of myrtle, crowns of love.
Cupid, beating time, advance,
And join in mirth, in glee, and dance.

3d Ruſtic (female).

Weav'd the chaplet was this morn,
Let it on thy brow be worn;
Myrtle leaves here Venus bring;
And, in the roſy goblet, fling.

4th Ruſtic (female).

Let the roving eglantine,
With the moſſy roſe entwine:
While, in the woods, the turtle doves,
Murmur forth their artleſs loves.

All.

All.

Blend, with his, Eliza's name;
Add fuel to the generous flame.
Blend their names, and blend their fate,
Baniſh ſorrow, care and hate.

Several Country-people bring in a caſk, on their ſhoulders.

1*ſt Countryman.* Zookers, we've emptied *un.*

2*d Countryman.* Ay, and can *viniſh* a *zecond*, too.

Major C. Come, but let us firſt mount the Baronet on Bacchus's tun, before Eliza arrives, to grace the feſtival; and we will have an Anacreontic. *(They place Sir* Sober, *aſtride, on the tun, and carry him about, ſinging.)*

Enter a Servant (giving a letter to Sir Sober).

Sir S. From Eliza! *(Reads.)* "My father is ill, I am going to town, but ſhall ſee you again ſoon." *(Jumping off the caſk.)* Yes! ſoon ſhall it be.—Hollo! Samuel, Ragot; run, ride, fly—order me a chaiſe and four—ſix, fourteen horſes, directly—to London! to London!

Major C. (Taking hold of Sir Sober*'s arm.)* What think you of my philoſopher, and his ſyſtems, now?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Allworthy*'s Houſe, in London.* ALLWORTHY *and* ELIZA.

Allw. No, thank God, only a little return of my whimſical vertigo, in the head. I did not think the houſekeeper would have ſent for you; but, my dear daughter, I feel ten years younger, ſince you told me the reſult of your excurſion to Greenwood.

wood. You know, it was my ambition to ſee you married to a man of ſenſe and character.

Eliza. Happy am I to have your approbation, my dear father.

Allw. You have it, indeed! and we ſhall ſoon ſee the Baronet flying up to town, on the wings of love, or I would not give a farthing for him.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Ay, and the firſt ſtage, on Bacchus's tun —but I will not tell tales.

Enter Sir SOBER, *in an elegant morning dreſs, and Major* COUNTERGUARD.

Major C. Here are we in Town, thanks to ſome capital cattle, and briſk boys. (*He takes* Charlotte *by the hand*; Allworthy, *welcomes Sir* Sober.)

Allw. Sir Sober, I rejoice to meet you on an occaſion ſo intereſting to my happineſs, and heart. I have long known your real worth: I eſteemed your father, as a man and gentleman. Eliza is yours; I give you a daughter, the amiable repreſentative of an amiable mother, who was every thing that mildneſs, worth, virtue, or reſignation, could make her. I give you a daughter, my heart loves, my hand raiſed, and my reaſon approves of. I beſtow her, untainted in mind, manners, or eſtate; with every advantage of nature and education; with an adequate portion of ſenſe, affection, fortune, principles, and—petticoats—for the preſent faſhion.

Sir S. How ſhall I repay your kindneſs?

Allw. By kindneſs to my daughter. While I exiſt, half my fortune is yours; when I die, all. May you, both, and your poſterity enjoy it. May you live

live in mutual love, candour, confidence, and eſteem.

Eliza. (Embracing her father.) You have ever, ever, been, to me, the moſt indulgent and affectionate of fathers!

Allw. (Embracing his daughter.) And I have ever found you amiable, and deſerving of all my fond heart could wiſh;—which was, always, more than my moſt forcible efforts could beſtow. *(To Sir* Sober.) My ſeat in Parliament, I readily reſign—a hot houſe, and cool debates, do not ſuit me; I have done my duty honeſtly, uninfluenced, unawed,—and—unrewarded. I have neither been the tool of power, nor party. I have perſevered, in every ſeaſon, and every ſeſſion, in the duty I owed my King, my country, the conſtitution—and—excuſe an old-faſhioned man—my conſcience. I know your principles, and need not ſay, "Go thou, and do likewiſe." You may, I am ſure, dare act according to your feelings.

Major C. (Taking hold of Sir Sober, *and in a loud whiſper.)* And, I hope, at the end of your political campaign, you will dare *feel* according to your actions.

Sir S. (To Allworthy.) You muſt have lived, then, to enjoy every thing domeſtic happineſs, or public approbation, can beſtow.

> The juſt, and unſuborn'd, applauſe of man,
> Man's ſweeteſt retribution!

Major C. Come, Mr. Moraliſt! I ſhould think *here* was man's ſweeteſt retribution. *(Pointing to* Eliza.)

Allw. I have exiſted, too, a ſufficient time to be diſguſted with the oppoſite and offenſive doctrines of

of paſſive obedience and intemperate equality; to hear and ſee ſtrange things, indeed!—but, thank God! I have not breathed long enough to outlive the loyalty—or independence—of my heart, or the laws and conſtitution of my country.

Sir S. God forbid any of us ſhould live to ſee that day!

Allw. Yet nations, like individuals, can only preſerve their happineſs, by a moral and moderate conduct. Neither true patriotiſm, true virtue, true morality, true felicity, nor, perhaps, true love, will be found in violent extremes. There is an honourable and happy medium, in all—that golden mean, may you find; I *have* acquired it, though I never did form a ſyſtem. You'll excuſe me, Sir Sober.

Sir S. Yet nothing, I believe, is more difficult than to love with reaſon.

Eliza. Except, to reaſon with love.

Sir S. As to me, I have been, by turns, a wanderer, and a wanton; a moraliſt, and a miſanthrope; a lounger, and a logician. I have eagerly ſought happineſs in frivolous follies, falſe love, and faſhionable purſuits; in never-ceaſing ſociety, and recluſe retirement: but, after having ſeen various countries, the beauties of another hemiſphere; the riches of earth, and the grandeur of the waters; after having equally run aſtray, in my antipathies and affections, all my deſires are purified and ſublimed, and all centre in objects worthy of love, honour, or adoration. My future days, I dedicate to rational ſociety; to my friends; to you, my Eliza; to my King, to my country, and my Creator.

Major C. Well, my friend, what think you of the paſſions, now?

Sir S. Why, I think that avarice may be gratified, anger appeaſed, and ambition die of enjoyment, or diſappointment; that the tear may ſwell, may fall, and be forgotten: but that love, all-powerful love, is the moſt amiable, active, durable, and generous of all the paſſions, which ſoften, agitate, or render mankind ſocial, happy, or humane.

Major C. Suppoſe I were to remind you of your paſt ſpeeches, on theſe ſubjects.

Sir S. You muſt be called to order; it is irregular to allude to a former debate—and ſhow me a better ſtanding rule for *all* parties. I confeſs myſelf an altered man; my ſyſtems, have vaniſhed into air, "into thin air." Man is a blind animal, and nothing ſo eaſy as to run into errors.

Eliza. Except, to find excuſes for them, afterwards.

Major C. No, no; you muſt not take leave of your old friends thus coolly and cavalierly. You might have made a parody on a favourite ſpeech of our favourite bard:

So farewell to the little good you've done me;
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my plans:
This is the ſtate of man, to-day he ſpins forth
The ſyſtem's flimſy web, to-morrow bluſhes,
And wounds the tender texture, ſtill around him.
The third day comes ſome fair, ſome blooming fair,
And, when he thinks, good gudgeon man, full ſurely,
His ſyſtem is accompliſh'd, breaks his plan,
And down he falls, as I do—I have ventur'd,
Like many a ſelf-made ſage, who projects forms,
Recluſe within his room, of wiſdom high,
But far beyond his reach; his tender web,
At length breaks under him, and down he falls,
From his ideal height, into the ways
Of human frailty.——

(To

(To Sir Sober.) Come, repeat after me.

Vain ſounds, vain ſyſtems, void of ſenſe, I—break thee.——

Eliza. O! I inſiſt; repeat it, repeat it. *(Sir* Sober *repeats.)*

Vain ſounds, vain ſyſtems, void of ſenſe, I—break thee.
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh! how mad
Is that poor man who thinks himſelf divine.
There is, between that ſtate we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of wiſdom, gravely guis'd,
All faults and paſſions which dame Nature gives;
And, when he loves, he loves—like *Soberſides*—
Never to ceaſe again!——

Sir S. Well, well—I am not the only perſon ſubject to change my plans; for rejoiced am I to find the embarkation of your regiment is countermanded. You and Charlotte, are formed to enjoy happineſs; my houſe, my heart—all I, *now*, have —ſhall be ever yours.

Char. Well do I know that—but ſee; *(ſhowing a paper;)* the noble-hearted Eliza has, already, abſolutely ſettled ten thouſand pounds on us, for ever.

Sir S. Major C. and *Char. (All together.)* Generous, generous Eliza!

Allw. (Embracing Eliza.) Such an exalted ſoul, had your excellent and benevolent mother!

Eliza. God knows, I feel and acknowledge, that my beſt actions are but feeble imitations of her unrivalled virtues.—*(To* Charlotte *and Major* Counterguard.) May you, both, be as happy as I wiſh, and you deſerve.

Enter RAGOT, *with a letter, which he delivers to* Charlotte.

Char. (Opening the letter, and reading.) "Mr.

" Doubledeed,"—from an attorney—Heaven defend us from ſin and ſorrow!—" Mr. Doubledeed, " has the honour to inform Miſs Syſtem, that her " diſtant relation, Mrs. Grimalkin, of Catterwaul " Court, in Yorkſhire, expired on Friday laſt, " never having perfectly recovered the loſs of her " favourite cat.—He annexes an abſtract of her " will."—Well! I can't cry; yet, I believe, I ought not to laugh, even though I never did ſee Mrs. Grimalkin, in all my life.

Eliza. But, the will!

Char. (Reading.) " To be expended in coach-" hire, cream, chickens, and choice viands, for " ſaid Tabitha, a legacy of three thouſand pounds. " The demiſe of ſaid Tabitha proved, this is a " lapſed legacy. The intereſt of two thouſand " pounds, in truſt, for the proper uſe and benefit " of her brown ſpaniel, Snorer, during his na-" tural life; and, in default of lawful heirs, to " revert to the reſiduary legatee. — To Jean, " François Ragot, one thouſand pounds (Ragot " *runs about rejoicing)*, as a reward for his fidelity " and attachment to his late maſter, a French " emigrant nobleman, when in diſtreſs, in Lon-" don. *(All rejoice.)* [*Exit* Ragot, *ſinging.* " Miſs Charlotte Syſtem, reſiduary legatee, will " have forty-five thouſand eight hundred and " twenty-nine pounds, ſeven ſhillings, and three-" pence, three per cent. conſols. and the Corniſh " copper-mine."

Sir S. (To Major Counterguard.) Why, Sir Minor Witling will call you the Copper Captain.

Major C. With all my heart; ſo as the vein of our copper-mine is not as ſhallow, and unproductive, as his vein of wit.

Allw. Come! Come! no ſnip-ſnap, now! — I

hope to wiſh you joy, ſoon, *(to Major* Counter-guard) of a young Copper Captain, and your friend, here, of a little Syſtematic Philoſopher; and a fond, fooliſh, old grandfather, ſhall I be, I dare ſay!

Enter SIRLOIN, *leading in* RAGOT, *with affected ſmiles, ogling and paying him compliments; the muſic playing, "The Roaſt Beef of Old England."*

Sir S. Why, we are all met here, with more than common dramatic confuſion and contrivance —pleaſe to go and make love in the kitchen, or the cupboard.

Ragot. Oui Monſieur, as you pleaſe.

(Sirloin *ſings the firſt line of "Love's a gentle, generous paſſion;" and* Ragot, *"Ah! ſi vous pouviez comprendre.")*

Sirl. And, I hope, Sir, when you are a parliament-man, you will have intereſt enough to get my Mr. Ragot a place.

Sir S. What! in the kitchen, or the Cuſtom-houſe?

Sirl. O! Sir, any houſe you pleaſe—but a National Aſſembly-houſe, or a Pantheon.

Sir S. Yes, he ſhall have a place under Sancho Panza, in the Iſland of Barataria. He, ſhall be clerk of the kitchen, and you, chief beef-eater; or, *(to* Ragot,) what think you of being Sancho's firſt aide-de-camp, or private ſecretary?

Sirl. And me, Sir; I hope you will get me ſome poſt, that will ſuit my ſize and ſex.

Sir S. Yes, and ſuit your merits too; you ſhall have—a whipping-poſt.

Sirl. Yes—when you get me to Dieppe.

Rag. Ay, to the *Diable,* rather than to Dieppe.

Sirl.

Sirl. Come, come, my little private ſecretary, for the home department! [*Exeunt* Ragot *and* Sirloin *(ſhe ſinging, "Say little fooliſh, fluttering thing.") They meet, and laugh at,* Mrs. Arch Gossip, *who enters finely equipped, like a bride. Her dreſs is, in the extreme, ſcanty, thin, tight, and faſhionable. She has painted ears and elbows, prepoſterous protuberances, &c. She gives herſelf many airs.*

Eliza. Heyday! one would think you were to be one of my bridemaids.

A. Goſ. Maid, indeed!—Maid!—Ha! ha! ha! —But, Madam, I muſt deſire you would make a freſh arrangement in your family; and, as to the emoluments of my office, you may give them to buy ſoup for the poor of the pariſh, or pay them, at the Bank, as my voluntary ſubſcription.—Now ſhall I let out all the ſecret, at once? ruſh into the middle of things, as the poet ſays! Yes, I will—Know then, Madam, I am—your equal.

Eliza. Oh! if you talk of equality, the ſooner you are gone the better.

A. Goſ. Yes, your equal; your ſuperior, in England, as well as—Spain. I expect you will leave your card of congratulation, in Groſvenor Square, for Donna Maria Matilda—for I am married to Signor Don Sanchez, Alphonſe, Ramire, Franciſque, Don Matador.

Eliza. How many Hidalgos are you married to?

A. Goſ. How many!—That ſhows the ignorance of ſome people—why, a nobleman, in Spain, with one name, is as poor as a Pacha, in Turkey, with one wife. Don Matador, has been in London, ſome time, treating, as *I* only know, of a ſeparate peace. *Our* negotiation, has been long pending, and we only

only waited for permiſſion of his court, and a diſpenſation, from the Pope, to enable him to marry a Proteſtant. Oh! the ſweet ſerenades, and courtly courſhip of my *chargey d'affar!*—Oh! ſuch *projets* and *contreprojets! (Taking out a number of letters.)* Yes, "the underſigned Don." Not a day, an hour, that I did not receive his *notes*. He, then, preſſed me to an ultimatum: and I preferred him—and well I might, indeed!—to Mr. Benjamin Butterfirkin, who, however, was an honeſt man; yet *wulgar*, withal; though he would have ſettled an hundred pounds a year on me—but I could not reſiſt a preliminary treaty, with Don Matador, which has been ſigned, ſealed, and—ratified:

Ambitious love, the ſofter ſex can ſway,
And——

Here comes Don Matador, to fill up the couplet.

Major C. And the devil of a long, lamentable, Alexandrine, muſt it be, if half his break-tooth names are to be introduced. Such a taſk, would puzzle a Milton, and Shakeſpeare, too.

Enter Don MATADOR, *ſaluting the company, in the Spaniſh faſhion.*

Don M. May you all, Ladies and Gentlemen, live a thouſand years, &c. &c.

A. Goſ. (In triumph.) Now, Madam, am I your equal, or not?—And Don Matador has ſettled upon me all his caſtles, at Madrid, and all his lands and flocks, in Andaluſia—Have you not, Signor?

Don M. Si Signora, *all*, as I am a true Caſtilian—on my honour.

Major C. (Looking ſteadfaſtly at him.) And, pray, on whom have you ſettled your caſtles—in the air?

Don

Don M. Signor!

Major C. (Attempting to lay hold of his ears, while Don Matador *exclaims, "Poco, poco.")* But, if I am right, this can be no offence, for you are as deficient in ears, as honeſty—yes, "thou art the man."—Were not your ears nailed to the pillory, in the north of England, when you were an attorney? and did not lenity order your name to be ſtruck off the roll, when juſtice would have ordered your head to be ſtruck off your ſhoulders?—Did you not enliſt in a regiment at Gibraltar, with the worſt of views, that of corrupting the garriſon from their duty? and did I not ſee you flogged, for that vain attempt, from Europa Point, to Windmill Hill; from thence, to South-port, and, then, to Water-port, and exported to Spain, with a halter round your neck?

Don M. Though this may be very true, it certainly is not very polite, thus to remind a man of his misfortunes, on the day of his nuptials.

Eliza. Donna Maria, I beg to congratulate you on your marriage.

Char. And I will poſtpone *my* congratulations, till I have the honour of calling on your Excellentiſſima, in Groſvenor Square; and, in the mean time, I hope to ſee your name among the liſt of faſhion, preſented at the drawing-room, and moſt graciouſly received—being introduced by that renowned Ruffian—*Princeſs Ruſty-Fuſty—in a cog.*

A. Goſ. O Lord, Lord! Was it for this I ſacrificed my ſtate of innocence, my pug, my poets, and my five hundred pounds, too, which I have been ſaving theſe twenty years—Oh! how ſhall I poiſon him?

Sir S. With laurel water; and, if that is not ſtrong

ſtrong enough, perſevere—and poiſon him with—your love.

Major C. What! can he plead poſſeſſion?

A. Goſ. Oh! yes!—oh! yes! he may plead poſſeſſion, indeed! of every thing real, or perſonal.

Don M. Yes! all made ſacred, and appropriated to my own ſervice—*Tabooed*, as we ſay, in the Sandwich Iſlands: and *the underſigned* claims, as the baſis of all future atrangements, the conquered guineas, the *uti poſſidetis*; they have, already, been incorporated with my ancient domains, and I know nothing I can do, but give ſecurity, on my eſtates in Andaluſia, for, I fear, it is too late to expect the *ſtatus quo ante*—Ha, Mrs. Arch Goſſip?

A. Goſ. Oh! yes! oh! yes! you know it is, you wicked man!

Major C. Well, this fellow has impudence enough to be ambaſſador from Pandæmonium or—Paris—or chargé d'affaires from the devil—or the conſulate, either.

Don M. Now, good night, ladies and gentlemen; for I mean to retire to the country, keep a pig, and live honeſtly—till all my money is gone.

A. Goſ. Why, to you, Trappanti was an Ariſtides—Oh! that I had been ſafely warehouſed with Mr. Benjamin Butterfirkin, in Botolph Lane.

Eliza. Now, you ſee what it is to prefer ſhow to ſubſtance, and, eagerly, to enter into a treaty with thoſe who are neither bound by laws human nor divine. Had you been true to John Bull, all would have been well. Though John has his foibles, and his faults, be aſſured he will not mend them by too cloſe a connexion with Don Matador, or, Citizen *Meurtrier*, either.

Enter Officers of Juſtice.

1ſt Officer. Oh! ho! Mr. Ambaſſador; we have charges againſt you that would reach from hence to the *Giralda*, at Seville. *(They ſeize Don* Matador.)

Don M. Poco! poco! You'll rumple my neck-cloth.

2d Officer. We will furniſh you with another—a hempen one.

Eliza. (To Mrs. Arch Goſſip.) You muſt ſubmit, then, I fear, to a partition treaty, for *the underſigned*, ſeems to ſtand a good chance of a ſnug lodging in Cold Bath Fields, or of dancing a fandango, with the aid of Jack Ketch, to the tune of the Rogue's March, on the drop at Newgate.

[*Exeunt Officers, with Don* Matador.

A. Goſ. Oh! don't talk to me of cold baths, or vapour baths, either; for I am ſure I am in the vapours, already. Oh! if I can but recover my five hundred pounds, and the affections of Mr. Benjamin Butterfirkin, I may, yet, live to grace a Lord Mayor's ball, or a ſide box, at the theatre in Wellcloſe Square! [*Exit.*

Sir S. (To Eliza.) I may ſay, indeed, "I find my heart new opened;" and never was a man more fully convinced, than I am, of the abſurdity of all fanciful ſyſtems, and *all* extremes—except the extreme of love.

Char. Well! you ſee what wit, ſenſe, beauty, and beneficence, can do.

Major C. And, look at old Sirloin, and ſee what impudence, ſelf-intereſt, and a thouſand pounds, can do.

Eliza. I boaſt not of the perfections you attribute to me.

Sir S. Never did a man feel ſo much flattered, as I do, at this moment.

Major C. Yes, I DO; but we will not quarrel about that, ſhall we, Charlotte?

Char. O! you flattering and flatter'd, gentlemen! but, no more compliments!

Eliza. Rather let us enjoy their honey while we can, for, after marriage, theſe gentlemen generally grow ſo rude and reſtiff, that it ſoon becomes *our* turn to flatter—and what, like a little refinement in the art, can keep theſe lords of the creation in tolerable temper?

Char. Indeed, it is, ſometimes, with the beſt and proudeſt of them, more efficacious than reaſon, ranting, drubbing, or dragooning. O flattery! flattery!

Eliza. Yes—

Wrapt in ſelf-confidence, ſee man rejoice,
Yet vain reſiſt the muſic of her voice:
In vain his boaſted wiſdom, and in vain,
Bind flattery's ſubtle form with reaſon's chain.
Chaſten'd, or chas'd, again that form intrudes;
Her force, man's force; her art, man's art, eludes.
With ſoften'd features, ſhe, with covert guile,
Creeps to his heart, and wins him with—a ſmile.
Let judgment temper but her warbled lay,
Stateſmen, and heroes, Kings themſelves obey.
Some trembling note, ſome favour'd paſſion meets,
That trembling note, that favour'd paſſion greets:
Each has *ſome* tender, *ſome* unguarded part;
Touch but the ſtring, it vibrates to the heart:
Not leſs divine than muſic of the ſpheres,
When firſt attemper'd to celeſtial ears—
Sooth'd by *her* voice, the ſterner paſſions die,
And all the ſoul of man is harmony.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

To be ſpoken, in the Character of Sir SOBER SYSTEM.

'TIS done, in holy wedlock we 're united,
The prayers are over, and the prieſt requited.
Heav'n! what a change!—and yet, methinks, 't is ſo
From Palace Yard, to Paternoſter Row.
Yes, far as pole to pole, let mortals rove,
There Hymen ſanctifies the torch of love—
Nay view, and viewing, feel the heart's applauſe,
Our Sovereign, ſubject to his free-form'd laws;
Nay, without envy, ſee him, if you can,
Well-pleas'd, unite the monarch and the man;
Imboſom'd, with his blooming offspring round,
By love, by law, in chains connubial bound—
Princes, and Peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
Sooner, or later, theſe ſaid chains await;
Sir Sober's fortune, and Sir Sober's fate.—
Our conquerors, conquer'd, here, we bring to view,
St. Vincent, Duncan—and our Nelſon too;
All, all, true Benedicks—though all true blue—
And Howe—Oh! lov'd, renown'd, reſpected name!—
Brave Howe!—immortal in the liſts of fame;
Who now lies number'd with the patriot dead,
With GRACE and VIRTUE ſhar'd the nuptial bed—
The Soldier too, alive to female charms,
An humble parley beats—and—grounds his arms—

See'ſt

See'ſt thou the cit?---Suppoſe the city knight,
Without her---*Ladyſhip*---in wholeſome plight,
Jumble along, cloſe pack'd, in chaiſe and one---
Weſtward---in ſearch of faſhion---and of---fun---
The lawyer too, by powerful love engroſs'd,
Lays by his parchments, poſt, and demi-poſt—
Deeds, and deed-polls, delays, and, wily, ventures
To draw, with cautious hand, his *own* indentures—
The grave divine, at riſk of care and ſtrife,
His rib ſelects, and—"cleaves unto his wife"—
Dockets and bales arrang'd, ſafe landed more,
His credit firm, of caſh a plenteous ſtore,
A ſleeping partner in his houſe, for life,
The merchant, adds—that tally, call'd—a wife—
The thrifty tradeſman, he muſt have his bride,
Six days to grace his ſhop—the ſeventh—his ſide,
Some fond, bedizen'd fair—in Holborn firſt eſpied—
Mechanics, farmers—cottager the ſame,
Lives, in his ſtraw-thatch'd hut, and—loves his dame---
With her his labour, her his homely fare,
Rejoic'd, "in ſickneſs and in health," to ſhare—
A tight, trim ſail, in colours dreſs'd, *Jack* ſpies,
Soon brings her too; and—(having d——d his eyes)
"What ho! my laſs, what cheer!" Jack cries, "what cheer!
"Come, moor with me—I'll drop my privateer;
"Through life's rough ſeas, cloſe knotted, ſplic'd together,
"We'll ſail, in ſpite of adverſe winds and weather.
"Come, Mr. Parſon, d—n you, where 's your book?
"Launch it—and anchor us in love's ſnug nook;---
"Stick to your convoy cloſe, by night and day,"
Jack ſays,—and takes, in tow, his prize away---

In

EPILOGUE.

In love, the wiſe philoſopher 's a man,
" Reſolves and re-reſolves," and---breaks his plan---
We doubt, deny, reſiſt, poſtpone our hour,
But all *once* feel the ſex's ſacred pow'r---
To ſoften, ſooth, ſeduce, refine, their part;
Reform mankind, and humanize the heart---
The ſaint, the ſavage, ſage, all quit the field,
Moſt bleſt, when baffled, if to---them---they yield.

THE END.

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4 AP 54